

The Barnes Foundation


Journal of the Art Department

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THE BARNES FOUNDATION

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Journal of the Art Department

Editor—VIOLETTE DE MAZIA

Associate Editor—ELLEN HOMSEY

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The essays, etc., appearing in the issues of this JOURNAL will, for the most part, be derived from the work of seminar students, alumni, and members of the staff of the Foundation Art Department. On occasion, articles and pieces will be published not directly concerned with the Foundation's philosophy but representing original work by the Art Department's students and outside contributors which the editorial staff considers to be of general interest to the JOURNAL's readers. Publication occurs twice a year.

Tributes

“To John Dewey, whose Conceptions of Experience, of Method, of Education inspired the work of which this book is a part.”—[Albert C. Barnes, “Dedication,” *The Art in Painting*.*]

“It is a reward, as well as an honor, to be associated with an educational institution that is engaged in vital education.”—[John Dewey, from “Foreword,” *The Art of Renoir*.†]

The Barnes Foundation School is the consequence of a shared creative venture in both the development of an educational method and its particular application to the field of aesthetics. The conception of the method grew out of the association between John Dewey and Albert C. Barnes, whose “mutual interest in the problems of education and philosophy brought the two men together into a lifelong friendship and exchange of views, and led to a close collaboration for the purpose of putting their educational theories into practice at The Barnes Foundation.”‡

The deep intellectual bond that united these two men was acknowledged throughout their writings. In his “Preface” to *Art as Experience*,§ Dewey expressed the full measure of his gratitude to Dr. Barnes:

I have had the benefit of conversations with him through a period of years, many of which occurred in the presence of the unrivaled collection of pictures he has assembled. The influence of these conversations, together with that of his books, has been the chief factor in shaping my own thinking about the philosophy of esthetics. Whatever is sound in this volume is due more than I can say to the great educational work carried on in the Barnes Foundation. That work is of pioneer quality comparable to the best that has been done in any field during the present generation, that of science not excepted. I should be glad to think of this volume as one phase of the widespread influence the Foundation is exercising.

* Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1925.

† The Barnes Foundation Press, Merion, Pa., 1935, p. x.

‡ “Preface to Third Edition,” *Art and Education*, The Barnes Foundation Press, Merion, Pa., 1954, p. vi.

§ Minton, Balch and Company, New York, 1934, p. viii.

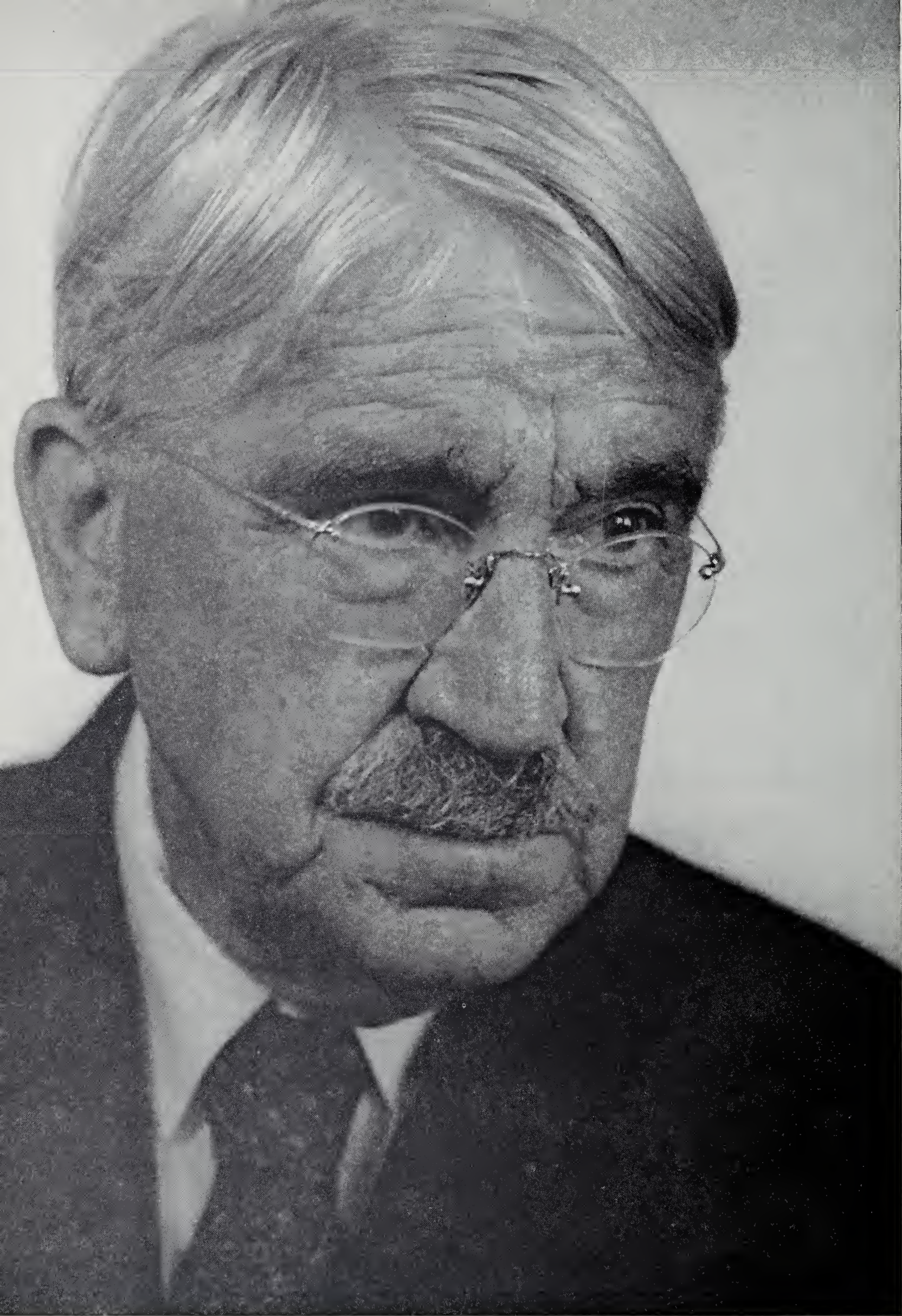
So, too, did Barnes pay just and grateful tribute to Dr. Dewey:

Morality, science, art, all alike, are forms of communication, possible only through the sharing of experience which constitutes civilized living. In its widest sense, education includes all of them; but only if education is conceived, not in the conventional sense, as preparation for life, but as living itself. To have conceived education thus, and to have developed the conception until it covers the whole field of human experience, has been the supreme achievement of John Dewey—an achievement rarely paralleled in scope in the entire history of education.*

No citation of The Barnes Foundation School is complete without special note being made of the contribution of Violette de Mazia, who, through her genius as a teacher, has done more than anyone else to bring about the realization of Barnes' and Dewey's educational aims; it is because of her uniquely sensitive and insightful application of the ideas to the study of art that their full significance is laid open to understanding. The fruits of her efforts are also evident in the books on Renoir, Cézanne, Matisse, and the French Primitive tradition published by The Barnes Foundation, of which she, with Dr. Barnes, was co-author.

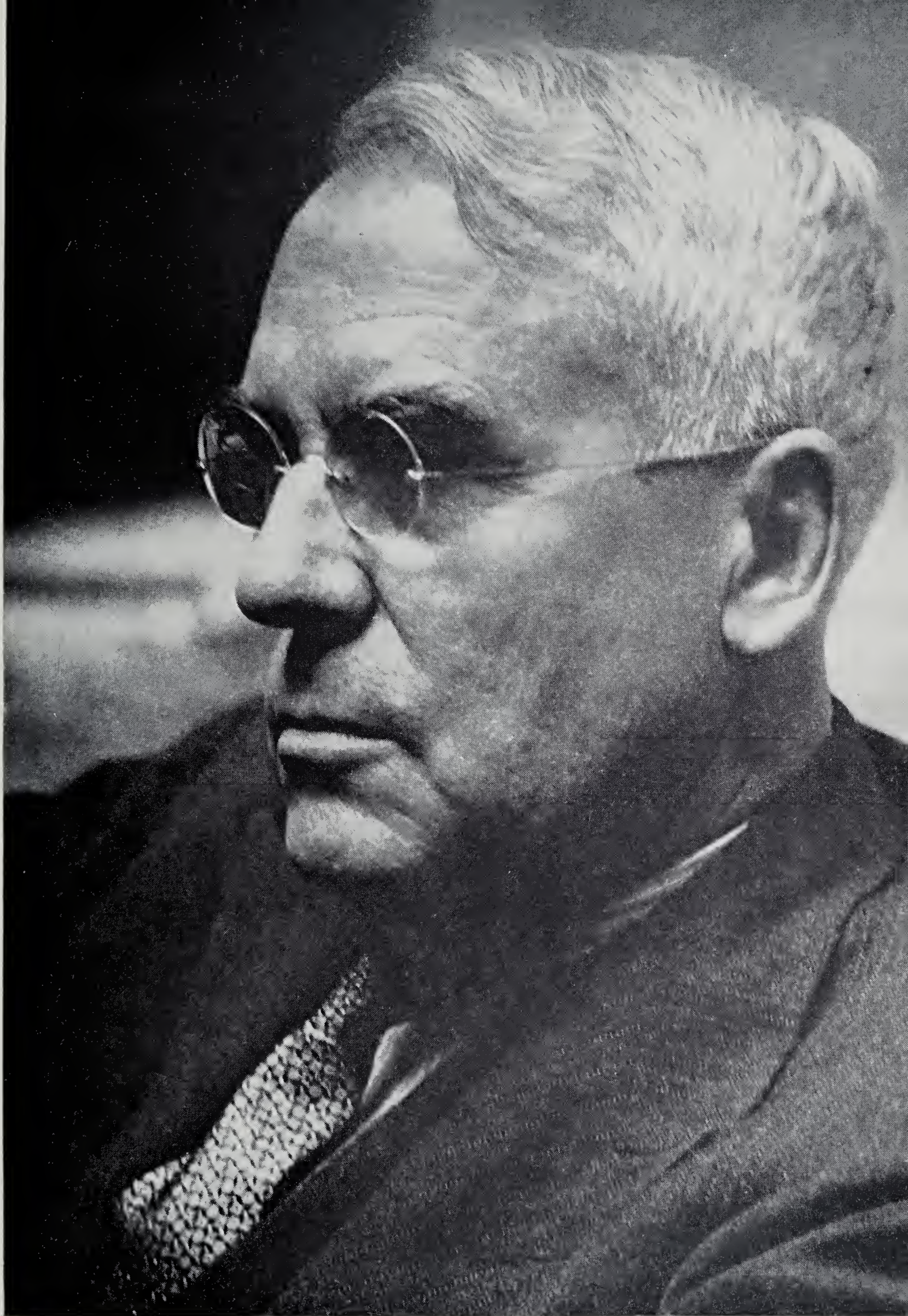
ELLEN HOMSEY
Associate Editor

* "John Dewey's Philosophy of Education," *Art and Education, op cit.*, p. 12.



Dr. John Dewey

1859-1952



Dr. Albert C. Barnes

1872-1951

The Spring and Fall issues of the JOURNAL for 1972 commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of the Barnes School and the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of its founder, Albert C. Barnes.

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No. 2

Creative Distortion*

by VIOLETTE DE MAZIA†

I. INTRODUCTION

WE have previously noted‡ that in a work of art the facts of the subject—a subject that, as such, anyone might have seen or known—are transformed by the artist from matter of the physical universe into the matter of his aesthetic experience: the subject acts on him, stimulates his feelings and mind, arouses his interest from the aesthetic point of view and awakens from his background possibilities of aesthetic effect. We also observed that, in the process of expressing the meaning of his experience, the artist acts back upon the subject: he simplifies, places, cuts, relates anew, changes, organizes—*i.e.*, he acts *on* the subject for the sake of his present aesthetic interest. It is to the fruits of such expressive activity, with the implication of a change being made in the nature of the subject, that the term “creative distortion” has reference.

In the general meaning of the word, distortion stands for a “twisting out of a natural, normal or original . . . condition.”¶ It therefore applies broadly to any altering of or departure from subject facts—color, shape, spatial effects, weight, density, massiveness of volume, the character of illumination,

* Originally presented in class lectures. This article is the first of a series on the general topic of creative distortion.

† Director of Education.

‡ See: Violette de Mazia, “Aesthetic Quality,” *The Barnes Foundation Journal of the Art Department*, Vol. II, No. 1 (Spring, 1971), The Barnes Foundation Press, Merion, Pa., pp. 3–51.

¶ *Webster’s Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*.

etc. Indeed, all expression, whether practical or aesthetic, cannot but involve distortion of the thing, event, situation or circumstance it is about, since it entails casting the subject in a form different from that of its original manifestation—re-presenting it as, for example, colored pigment on canvas, modelled clay, words, gestures or whatever matter the medium used consists of. Furthermore, expression invariably evolves from a limited human power of observation, a particular point of view, a selection of what is considered to be significant, an individual interpretation of meaning, an involuntary or voluntary emphasis of certain aspects, and so forth.

With the topic “creative distortion” our problem specifically is to see what distortions are in a work of art and what they do in aesthetic expression—and, particularly, to determine the justification for and significance of the artist’s departures from the facts of his chosen subject.* In order to do so, we should find that there is a difference between distortion which is constructive as against that which results from lack of technical proficiency, lack of knowledge, faulty observation, shallowness of intellect or emotion or from a desire merely to be different from others or to run with the pack.† Hence, we shall ascertain that the vindication for

* Although our discussion will center upon distortion as it attends the artist’s rendering of his subject, we shall note that it is a factor in his handling of his basic means: thus, a color which has a particular identity as it comes from the tube acquires a quite different significance in the color context of a picture statement.

† It should be borne in mind that we cannot judge the efficacy of distortion without taking into account the level of experience of a given artist. Hence, to determine whether distortion is constructive in the work of, for example, a particular early Florentine, we should be aware of the ideas and conventions available to him, what specifically he had to build on. This is so for all art, from the earliest to the most contemporary. By the same token, distortion in the work of children and true “primitives,” *i.e.*, artists unfamiliar with traditions of expression outside their own isolated culture, is not to be dismissed out of hand as the unfortunate result of ignorance or ineptitude. Although it does reflect a definite limitation of knowledge and range of skills, such limitation does not prevent the genuine artist within these classifications from dealing creatively with what he does know or from using that knowledge for a fully expressive statement. This is in direct contrast to painters who, having a greater wealth of resources at their disposal, do not or cannot use their heritage creatively and come upon or affect distortions as the result of an inadequacy of understanding.

any and all distortions is to be found in the nature of what they contribute to the identity of the expressive object in which they occur. They are not, therefore, to be judged according to what we would like the embodying work of art to be, but according to what the artist made it be of broad human interest. In short, we shall be concerned with how aesthetic meaning and distortion are related.

In painting, non-constructive distortion may be found in two general opposing categories of intent. The first includes the work of the factually oriented painters, the master technicians, whose efforts, for the most part, are directed towards presenting the subject "as it really was."* Here the departures from subject facts, though often appearing at first glance minimal, are inevitably there, even if only in the fact that the setting is circumscribed, that the figure in a portrait is cut below the shoulders or at the knees, that the illustrative action depicted is frozen, that shapes are contained by linear boundaries, and so on. In other words, conventional or traditional distortions, not having been themselves distorted, no longer carry any effect of their being distortions and pass unnoticed as such by the superficial or casual observer. Indeed, the most competent of the technicians are frequently able practically to disguise the fact that the objects portrayed are made of paint, that there is any distortion at all. Accordingly, what is interesting about their work is not the painting itself, but how closely it parallels the situation from which it was derived. Such work is what we call "mere illustration"—essentially, painting of the *objet trouvé* ("found object") type: the practitioner need only chance upon the "right" subject, and there, save for the mechanics of transferring it to canvas, his picture is.

Also within the factually oriented category are those painters who turn their skill to the cultivation of an individual mannerism of the hand, a glib, flashy technical trademark with which they thenceforth mechanically stamp every subject they undertake to render;† thus does every picture off their easel express exactly the same thing as all the preceding

* *E.g.*, Meissonier, Harnett, Bouguereau, Norman Rockwell, Grant Wood, John Stuart Curry.

† *E.g.*, Charles Dana Gibson, Sargent, Orpen, Wayman Adams, Buffet.

ones, the only difference residing in those recognizable illustrative facts—*e.g.*, the age of the sitter, the clothing worn, the position assumed—not obliterated by the dominating technical device. This mannerism is, in effect, an omnipresent distortion, so wearied from overuse that it contributes nothing to the identity of the work save, perhaps, that it allows us easily to recognize the painter.

Still other technicians apply their ability to the specious depiction of emotions. In this kind of work the distortions are centered almost exclusively on the “dramatic” illustrative facts of the subject, appearing as things the painter may have found stirring, such as an angry man, a soulful child, a pathetic youth or, more ambitiously, an episode of characters enjoying a blissful or poignant moment or suffering one of man’s or nature’s many violences.* In these instances no less than in those mentioned above, distortions act to reinforce the meaning of the subject as such rather than serving to establish a *picture* meaning, since the visual rendering of what is an emotionally laden situation only in its complete form, or as it exists “in the flesh,” moves us not through the picture’s here-and-now identity but through what we are reminded of that we have already known. In other words, these painters make use of the picture to say the subject, while in the case of the genuine artist the subject is but one of the means used to say what a picture can say of broad significance. With such emphasis on the subject, the resulting canvases are, in effect, no more than pseudo-literal portrayals of emotion—as melodramatic, as “hammy,” as empty of genuine expressive substance as the performance of an actor who considers the development of his rôle to be a mere matter of makeup, costume, resonance of voice and a well-practiced repertoire of conventional gestures. And, too, is the subject itself usually soaked to the saturation point in sentimentality, much as a *baba au rhum* of the less than good French pastry shops is allowed to soak in the sweet rum sauce until the cake becomes characterless, a mere saccharinely sickening goo.

Altogether, then, the work produced by the illustratively

* *E.g.*, Morales, Murillo, Prud’hon, Greuze, Bellows.

oriented technicians is marked by an absence of genuine personality, a lack of response on the part of the painter to the things and episodes which he encounters in the world, and, correspondingly, it fails to convey anything of aesthetic significance. Such distortions as one finds, both those which normally attend the employment of the medium of the artist and those which result from the employer's intent, are merely arbitrary or quirkish, not creative; they do not serve a picture purpose—*i.e.*, they do not involve the using of the visual attributes of color, light, line, space, shape, etc., as well as illustrative facts, for the expression of the broad human values that are intrinsic to the sensuous actuality of the painter's medium—values that are, indeed, the basic elements of anything presented in any medium of expression, hence the basic criteria of creation.

The second category of non-constructive distortion is occupied by those painters who, as it were, maintain that "of course the artist does not reproduce what the subject was; what he expresses are his *feelings* about it, the emotions themselves that the subject aroused in him." This type of painting is represented by much of the contemporary work in which the "artist" merely explodes with color all over the canvas, typified by the so-called "action painters" and "abstract expressionists."* For the most part, it is true, such works indicate that the man has, in fact, been moved, even profoundly so. The result, however, is not expression, but gibberish: the distortion is such that the painter provides little else besides a cacophonous spectacle of frenzy, empty of idea and perception—this because the result does not reflect the character of a situation which a person as a genuinely responsive individual discovered in his experience of his subject, his adventure in perception, but an exclusively personal emotional state.

In contrast to the above, true expression, as we have implied, consists of the bringing out and embodying in terms intrinsic to the artist's medium the specific new identity a situation acquires as an individual experiences it, responds to it with his entire personality—including, as well as his feelings,

* *E.g.*, Georges Mathieu, Karel Appel, Willem de Kooning.

his senses, his interests, his background, his imagination and his intellect. Therefore, the genuine expression of a genuine experience has a unique identity, an "itness," which reveals both the unique character of the situation as experienced and the unique character of the personality who did the experiencing. The work of the "emotionalists," then, lacks what expression has—a general human interest and significance. Indeed, as often as not, it is little more than an egotistical strutting or a public parading of the painter's very private personal feelings—psychologically of possible interest, as all human behavior is, but not interesting from the point of view of art.

Let us sum up our discussion thus far with an analogy which will perhaps go some distance to explain the principle behind the difference between constructive and non-constructive distortion. We are standing on our doorstep around the corner from a railroad junction, when a sudden loud commotion interrupts the afternoon quiet. A woman comes hurrying by from the direction of the noise, and we call out a question about what happened. She lets out cries of "Oh" and "Ah" and "O, my," gesticulating wildly as she continues on her way. Has she expressed the meaning of an experience? No, she is simply bursting out with emotion; she has undergone the effect of the happening. There was, however, only a one-way action—from it to her—for, although she acts, she acts not on it. Rather, she goes under the effect of what has acted on her; indeed, it is probably not even clear to her just what it is that affected her, and perhaps, in fact, her distortion of the event into mere cries and gestures was involuntary. At any rate, what she gives does not satisfy any interest we might feel in discovering what she has seen to make her cry out so. Her action is but an emotional outburst, not an expression of an experience, and her distortions are obviously non-constructive.

After a moment or two, the woman's sister comes by, calm and composed. She answers our enquiry with the information that two freight trains, one from Maine and one from Florida, jumped the rails—exactly, she says, like what happened last month. Is there an expression of an experience? Up to a point, in that she recognizes what she has seen

before and classifies the new occurrence with it. She does not, however, perceive, she does not experience, the identity of the present situation, and her distortion of simplifying the event to a mere reminder, like those illustrators whose depictions are interesting only for carrying us back to something we already know, is not genuinely constructive towards conveying the unique here-and-now meaning, the "itness," of the wreck she has witnessed.

Now comes an inspector, and he tells us that Locomotive No. H1642DC was stationed on Track 2, that the time was exactly quarter after three in the afternoon, when a second locomotive, No. 664-4587, jumped the rails of Track No. 3 and crashed into the first locomotive. The cargo of one of the freight trains was registered in the name of such-and-such a company, and so on—he has it all written down in his book. Is that an expression of an experience? No, it is a factual report of what happened—like the "reports" of those painters who attempt to imitate nature—with as little distortion as the inspector can manage, in this case done because of the demand of the man's profession and his need to adhere to a particular code or predetermined manner of doing; another inspector as well trained and briefed would also register and report those same facts.

Next a boy passes by and, upon our questioning him, exclaims, "Gee whiz, ma'am, you should've seen it! There was one train sitting on the tracks waiting to be bumped into, and the other, swishing around the corner like nobody's business, went smack into it! Lemons and lobsters went way up in the air—the lobsters were playing Ping-Pong with the lemons. Gee, ma'am, you should've seen it. It sure was fun!" Are his words the expression of an experience? Yes, they carry both emotion and significance, and these are embodied in a coherent presentation, with appropriate selection and organization of facts—*i.e.*, constructive distortion. Imagination played a part, and the boy's interests and background as well. From what he selected to use of the occurrence and of himself and from the manner in which he used the material, we get his picture, the meaning of his experience: fun and picturesqueness were what the situation meant to the boy he is, and his expression is personal.

Finally comes the portly, ruddy-complexioned Irish cop who must regulate traffic at the junction. All he says, in his broad Irish brogue, is, "Oh, ma'am, one of them head-ons, but this one sure was the fiercest!" Is this the expression of an experience? Yes, for the teller brings out, in terms of the character intrinsic to his spoken word, a coherent statement which includes and reveals much of both participants—the man and the occurrence—in the transaction that designates an experience: we know the essentials of what acted on him, and we know the essentials of his feelings and the meanings he derived from the occurrence. What has he done to it? He left out a great deal, but at the same time he made it be something—the "fiercest of head-ons"—as the boy, too, made it be something, though a quite different something—a Ping-Pong game and fun. In each case, then, the facts were distorted; they were distorted constructively because they were altered for the sake of the expression of an experience. It is undeniable that, from the point of view of human communication, both the boy's and the Irish cop's expression are very much more intrinsically significant and satisfying than the inspector's report or the woman's incoherent ejaculations; nor can we help but see that, for the boy and the cop, what happened to the subject—*i.e.*, the distortion—is justified by the distinctive character of the expression.

Lavoisier, the eighteenth-century French chemist and physicist, said that matter can be neither created nor destroyed, that in nature nothing is lost and nothing is found: matter transforms itself. In other words, no one creates in the outright sense of the word, but only in the sense that as he employs the world's materials for something specific he thereby sets up new relationships which, acting on the materials, give them a new identity. Thus, when we speak of something happening to the subject in each of the stories of the train wreck, we have in mind the idea that, whatever that subject might stand for in and of itself, it acquires a new specific identity as it comes into the hands of the artist, any artist—story-teller, painter or whoever—through the characteristics, the identity, of his statement. Indeed, the principle implicit in this idea applies to any material used instrumentally, that is, as a means, for expression—namely,

that the artist's, or anyone else's, instrumental use of any material imparts a specific character to that material. Hence, it is constructively, creatively, distorted.

To spell out our point more completely, we might look at the import of the above principle in terms of our use of things and situations of the everyday world. By the word "use" we mean, of course, an experiencing of material from a particular point of interest and, therefore, a doing with and to it. For, although the whole world is the same *for* all of us, yet it is used differently by each and, correspondingly, stands for something else each time one of us makes use of it; that is, it is not the same *to* all of us, its meaning inevitably depending upon what each one does to and with it and the relationships thus brought into being. A pencil, to take the simplest of instances, made to serve as a head-scratcher is not the same thing as a pencil used as a writing implement. Likewise, the sunlight benefits one person by supplying vitamin D, etc., while it burns another, or, to the woman doing her wash, becomes a dryer and a bleacher. In verbal language, the word "chair" stands for something that "table" does not, and we can designate any number of similar objects with it. If, however, we set the word in a particular relation to a variety of other words, we will each time arrive at a different total meaning: a Windsor chair, an English Windsor chair, an American Windsor chair, an Elizabethan chair, a Queen Anne chair, a Swedish Queen Anne chair—all these refer to different chairs because of the different context, as do such qualifications of the same word as "he took the chair at the meeting," "he holds the Chair of Philosophy at college," "the gangster will get the chair." So, too, will the chair as an actual object be something different in one set of circumstances from what it is in another: we enter a room in which there is a chair, one of us wants to sit down and another to lean against something; we each, then, already do something to the chair as we perceive it and note its potentialities for our respective point of interest. If we proceed to carry out our intents, we do something further: by sitting on the chair we create certain specific relationships between it and ourselves and thus *make* of it a seat; likewise, by leaning on its back we effect another set of relationships and thus *make* of it a

leaning post; on a different occasion, in a different context, we might pick it up and *make* of it yet something else, a weapon of self-defense, or, again, see in it a means to reach an object on the top shelf and thus *make* of it a ladder. In each case, as we are able to make successful use of the chair, or any object, for a purpose of our own, whatever that purpose might be, we have, in effect, creatively distorted it.

All of the above "transformations of matter" are, of course, a result of relationships established according to the interest, the purpose we, in varying instances, have brought to bear upon the material at hand. We should also note that the transformations depended upon the inherent properties of it and upon our individual ability to perceive the possibilities it has: if the chair were a rickety old thing, or freshly painted and still wet, we could not have made of it a seat, a post or a ladder; one cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Nor, in the case of the train collision, could the boy who made it be and mean a game of Ping-Pong or the policeman for whom it was the "fiercest" have given it those meanings had the collision witnessed been one of marbles in a game played by children. On the other hand, for the woman who gesticulated and cried, or the "action painter" or "abstract expressionist," it might as well have been the marbles for all the evidence they give of having perceived the possibilities the thing might have for an expressive purpose.

The transformations that occurred when the policeman and the boy each expressed his experience of an event are not different in substance from what happens when the artist establishes specific relationships to what says "chair" as a part of the material he uses and gives new meaning to: for instance, the chair in Francis McCarthy's "Negro Figure" (Plate 1) becomes in the context a counterbalance to the linear pattern at the upper right of the composition.* Edward Maher's chair in his "Nude" (Plate 4) is a unit that underscores the slant of the figure. The tone of the chair in Soutine's "Baker Boy" (Plate 17), together with that of the

* To make the point even more forcefully, the reproduction of the McCarthy has been altered (see Plate 2) to show that when the upper right lines are replaced by an area of light the linear character of the chair loses much of its *raison d'être*.

wrist, forms one color theme interlocking with a contrasting one; in addition, the back of the chair participates, with the head, elbows and hand, in a continuous sequence of projections that contain the main picture element, and the shape of its splat rhythmically duplicates the motif of the ear and elbow at the left, lending a thoroughgoing sense of unity to the swirl of the composition. The chair in the foreground of Renoir's "Luncheon" (Plate 41) not only holds the hat, but functions as one of several objects as it fills a specific rôle in an interplay of axial planes (the main plane in which each volume is set) at angles to each other; the chair at the left lends emphasis to the angling of the woman's figure against the front-facing plane in the background and the horizontal plane of the tabletop. And the chair in Coleman Homsey's "Doli and Ellen" (Plate 5) becomes, in partnership with the lower foreground figure, the back "slice" of a diagonal sandwich arrangement which holds the central figure; in this function, it may be compared with the area of shadow on the right side of the background panel in Bellini's "Madonna of the Little Trees" (Plate 6), which, with the child, acts as a container for the Madonna. Furthermore, the chair in the Homsey has also been made to be a unit that helps our eye to take in the entire canvas by having the pattern of its spindles echoed above it and over into the setting at the right.

The same thing happens with the artist's basic building material, color. Just as the word "blue" means something that the word "red" does not or just as it means something each time we place it in a different context for realizing a different purpose—for example, in the phrases "blue laws," "blue ribbon," "black and blue" (which is usually yellow and purple), "feeling blue"—so color or a color scheme used by an artist might, when isolated, look the same on various occasions and yet in the artist's context no longer be the same because of the different purpose it serves and the different adaptation, a form of distortion, made of it: there is the same *what* but not the same *how*. Thus, in many a Cézanne landscape the color scheme considered apart from the particular function it is called upon to fulfill consists of pretty nearly the same basic ingredients—in the main,

terra-cotta, emerald green and slaty blue. Yet in each landscape the color scheme seen in its unique context acquires a distinct identity: in one case it may divide into three broad horizontal bands dominated, in turn, by blue, green and terra-cotta; in another, one of the three areas may hold a colorful combination of all three hues and be contrasted to the other, singly-colored areas; while in still another instance the three basic colors may intermingle throughout the canvas in a lively mosaic pattern. The same might be also said of the red of Renoir, which on a number of occasions may have been the identical red picked up directly from his palette but which is no longer that red as it is used to achieve a specific picture purpose: it assumes a variety of different meanings according to whether it punctuates vividly or suffuses as a penetrating blush, whether it is subtly dappled or dramatically enlivened by swirls of light, whether it is tempered with lavender or ivory or, reflecting the direct influence of Matisse, is more sensuously flamboyant than structurally active, whether it asserts itself as a theme played against another color theme, whether it is juicy or partakes of the dry sparkle of fresco painting. Each time, needless to say, the color scheme in Cézanne and the red in Renoir attain a specific identity and meaning they would not otherwise have because of the particular manner in which, in each case, they have been handled. To put it another way, the color itself, in an artist's successful management of it, cannot but be distorted from its original state of being.

The principle illustrated by the foregoing discussion may be summed up as follows: in every instance of anyone's making an instrumental use of the material of the world, the character of the result depends on (1) the intrinsic nature of what is used—train collision, chair, sow's ear, color scheme, blue, red; (2) the interest, the purpose, that guides and directs the selection and the use; and (3) the appropriateness of the doing to what is used for the sake of the intent.

As we have indicated, another way of referring to the fact that whatever we use instrumentally acquires a new meaning—*i.e.*, a meaning composed of our intent and the particular context of our enactment of our intent—is to say that it has been distorted. In the work of the artist, then, distortions

can be described as imaginative, purposive, constructive uses of subject facts—of color, shape, light, volume, space, etc.

With the above understanding of what distortions are, we are prepared to consider more directly what they do in the work of the artist. For this we can again draw a parallel with distortions in the language of words, in particular, figures of speech, such as hyperboles, similes, ellipses and metaphors. When a painter or sculptor distorts, he is often condemned simply for not sticking to the facts—a polite way of saying he is a liar; yet a genuine artist is no more a liar than someone is when, very effectively and communicatively, he refers to a girl he knows as a “cat” or a “peach.” Although he has distorted, for the girl certainly possesses the actual attributes of neither item, it is unlikely that anyone would question his distortion on a literal basis; indeed, the expression comes off, and is accepted, as a vivid, succinct, complete, picturesque image—more telling, perhaps, to the speaker’s purpose of conveying his idea of the girl than the most exhaustive list of descriptive details could ever be. And we should note that he has not done anything remarkably different from what, for example, Soutine did when he ignored the literal facts of the chair in his “Baker Boy” (Plate 17) to help to express his picture idea.

How can and how do distortions effect this heightened significance? For an answer, let us examine an example from a writer who gives a short, simple descriptive encapsulation of a female character at a particular moment in his story in such wise: “Forty fleshy years stood in the doorway.” The author does not say “thirty-nine years” or “forty-one years and three months,” either of which might have been more correct; nothing in the context indicates that it is the woman’s fortieth birthday. Nevertheless, “forty fleshy years,” with its reiteration of the “f” consonant, its beat, the cadence of its sounds, piles on the weight in a way that “forty-one years and three months” could not possibly do. It is, then, both what is repeated and the manner in which the repetition is made to occur that produce the effect wanted—again, not unlike the chair in Edward Maher’s “Nude” (Plate 4) being so presented, so used, as to underscore the delicately inflexible slant of the figure. If we put a

“properly drawn” chair into the Maher, provide the writer’s woman with a birth certificate and a weighing-scale card, we lose in both cases the interesting-in-itself, the novel, vivid picture rich in aesthetic meaning.

What further happens to make for this richer and more picturesque presentation is that distortion—whether in the use of words, shapes, color, space—refers to other things experienced, and these, in turn, are set into relationships that do not normally exist. In other words, imagination is necessary for making such distortions, and imagination is required for understanding them—imagination being the faculty that enables us to relate the vital residue of past experiences to facts observed in the now-to-be-experienced situation. In the artist-writer’s case, “forty” is a number, “fleshy” refers to physical matter and “years” to time; it is an incongruous assemblage, and to the person with no imagination or understanding of what art does it remains an incongruous statement. Taken literally, it is, indeed, un-true. The imaginative person, however, can enjoy the picturesque result of the distortion as it makes the statement more complete because it gives the meaning that the facts acquired when they were experienced by the artist-writer.

The artist’s expression, as we noted earlier, is always of his *experience* of the facts, not of the facts themselves. In the phrase “forty fleshy years” nothing is missing, nothing is superfluous—not for the complete pedigree of the woman but for the author’s woman at this point in his story. Were we to change any of the words, we should not get the effect and we should miss the piquancy of the author’s expression of his picture: “She was forty and fat” or “forty obese years” does not do the same thing, for in the original expression each word contributes its bit by its sound, length, beat, location and its factual dictionary meaning.* In like manner does each significant touch or brush stroke of the artist-painter contribute its bit to the point of his color message or story by its color, shape, size, location and the amount of factual description it yields in specific relationships with all

* The importance of the factual meaning should not be overlooked: we could, for example, achieve the same cadence with the nonsense phrase “frenzy folly yams,” but the meaning has disappeared.

other strokes. More generally stated, art is the expression of a particular interest, and it is natural, therefore, that an artist select, ignore, add and reorganize for the sake of his interest—*i.e.*, that he distort. It is on this basis that we may assert that functional distortion is an intrinsic element of, indeed, synonymous with, the creative experience which art expresses.

In closing, we can summarize our findings in the following manner. Our basic question about the significance of distortion involves a twofold answer: we need, on the one hand, to determine what they *are* in the work of the artist, and, equally important, we need to grasp what they *do* in fulfilling an aesthetic purpose. For the first, we have ascertained that distortions occur as the natural offspring of the artist's instrumental use of his means, *i.e.*, that they result from his doing things with and to his subject, as well as with and to his paint. The solution to the second part is generally implied in our observation that this "doing" is directed towards creating an entity which by its own characteristics expresses the meaning of the artist's experience of an event, thing or circumstance—in short, a subject—as opposed to its providing information about the meaning the subject may have as it exists in the world. However, we have yet to see what the specific relationship between distortion and the unique identity of a work of art is, and it is this aspect of our problem that we shall examine in the subsequent essays of this series, to which the present essay is intended as a general introduction.

The Albert C. Barnes Collection*

by JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

TONIGHT I am going to speak, perhaps very naïvely, of a man to whom in a curious way I owe a deep debt of gratitude, a man to whom I had already owed a debt for what his writings and enthusiasm had opened up to me in the field of art long before I actually met him, an enigmatic character of whom I have heard very few kind words said and have read very few written, yet a man who to me (and to all the members of my family who had the privilege of knowing him) for no discernible reason was kindness, generosity, and humanity itself.

And it was only by the strangest chance our paths happened to cross. In December, 1925, I was on my way back to Europe to continue my studies, hopefully in Italy, after a five-week visit to the United States. One evening, a day or two out from Cherbourg, there was a Seamen's Benefit concert in the First-Class Saloon. I had forgotten the customary collection, and, when a steward came round with a basket, I was embarrassed to realize that I had not a coin or a bill in my pocket. When I explained this to the collector, rather sheepishly I am sure, my neighbor asked if he could help.

I had noticed my neighbor and his female companion when I sat down, primarily because he was wearing linen golf knickers and a tweed jacket, while all the rest of the company was in evening clothes. I thanked him gratefully and asked him if he would lend me two dollars until the Purser's office reopened after the concert, explaining that I had only travellers' checks on me.

For the next two days we passed each other on deck. Then I noted that my benefactor and his companion left the ship at Cherbourg. I continued on to Southampton.

A week or ten days later, I found myself in Paris in the

* Talk given at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on November 17, 1971, under the auspices of New York University.

Galerie Paul Guillaume, in the Rue de la Boétie. My younger brother, whom I had left in New York, had asked me to find him an African Negro mask, if I could, of reasonably good quality at a price he could pay.

I knew of Guillaume's interest in African art and of his gallery from regular visits I used to pay it the year before, when I was at the Sorbonne. I went there immediately on my arrival and found a modest Dan mask for forty dollars.

After settling for my purchase, I was standing at the doorway chatting with Guillaume, when my friend of the Seamen's Benefit concert and his companion entered the shop. We bowed; they walked through the *Galerie* and disappeared into the back office. "Ah, you know Dr. Barnes?" Guillaume asked. I apparently seemed a little mystified, and Guillaume added, "You just bowed to him." I said, "O, that gentleman loaned me two dollars the other night aboard ship." Guillaume asked me jokingly, "Did you pay him back?" I confessed I had, and he asked me if I would like to meet him.

We went into Guillaume's back office where Dr. Barnes was seated at the desk going through some mail. Guillaume left me with his guests. Barnes asked me what I was doing in Europe and what had brought me to Guillaume's. I explained that I was on my way to Italy and admitted my interest in paintings and African sculpture and my acquaintanceship with his book, *The Art in Painting*.

We continued to chat for a half-hour or so. Finally Dr. Barnes said to me, "If you are interested in contemporary painting, you should go to see some artists in their studios. You can't afford to buy from dealers in the Rue de la Boétie." I said I would be delighted to do so. He at once wrote me the addresses of Moïse Kisling, who at that time had not yet turned to the slick nudes of his World War II success, of Lotiron, and of the Norwegian Per Krohg. "They are all young men," he said, "who have not yet made their places, and they are all good painters. What they may develop into one does not know; but I think you will enjoy meeting them and seeing what they are doing."

I thanked him, Mrs. Barnes, and Guillaume.

Before leaving for Italy, I called on all three artists and, as Barnes suggested I would, enjoyed my visit with each.

I had no further contact with Barnes, though I kept reading of him, until nearly two years later. In the early spring of 1927, Mrs. Sweeney and I, not yet married, dropped in for lunch at *L'Escargot d'Or*, near *Les Halles*. As we entered the restaurant, I saw a couple who seemed familiar, though they gave no sign of recognition. I said to my future wife, "That man over there looks like Dr. Barnes of Philadelphia"—whom she had never seen, but of whom she had heard as the owner of a collection she planned to see on her return to the United States. Very practically she suggested, "If you think it is he, there is no harm in asking him." I went over to his table and said, "I beg your pardon, are you Dr. Barnes?" He looked up and replied, "Yes, Sweeney, how are you?"

This was the renewal of a friendship which was to last until Dr. Barnes' death in 1951.

My luncheon companion at *L'Escargot* returned to New York some weeks afterwards and, remembering my insistence that she should see the Barnes Collection in Merion, set forth innocently, never having heard of the problems of admission—of which I knew nothing either at the time, never having been to Merion. She arrived at Latch's Lane, rang the bell of the gallery. An attendant, possibly Nulty, explained very courteously that no one could be admitted without the express permission of Dr. Barnes. Probably noticing the surprise and disappointment on the young caller's face, the attendant suggested that she go to the office of Dr. Barnes in the Argyrol factory in North Philadelphia. He gave her the Fortieth and Filbert Street address, and she took the first train. On arriving at the three-story brick building to which she had been directed, she explained her errand and was asked to take a seat on a wooden bench in the corridor. Shortly afterwards, she noticed a heavy-set man emerge from the office, walk the length of the corridor, and return to the office. A few minutes later she was told she could go back to Merion and would be admitted to the Collection.

After that and our return together to the United States, my wife and I were frequent visitors to Merion, whenever we were in the eastern part of the country, two or three times a year.

There was only one period of interruption. In 1934 I was asked to assemble an African Negro Art Exhibition for the Museum of Modern Art here in New York. As I knew that Dr. Barnes at that time had one of the richest and most interesting groups of Primitive African art in the country, I wrote to ask him if we might borrow certain pieces which I had known from my visits to Merion.

Practically by return post he replied, "Dear Sweeney, you're just like all museum people, dishonest and a hypocrite." I wrote back, explaining to him that I had realized that there was very little hope that he would grant my request, but that I felt it was my duty to ask him, as I felt it my responsibility to put together the best exhibition possible, and that in view of the quality of his African pieces it would have been wrong not to have asked him to help us.

I had, naturally, no reply and did not wish a rebuff in asking to be allowed to visit the Collection, which had always been such a pleasure and always graciously accorded in the past. On one occasion, for example, when we had had only a few days in New York, we received a Special Delivery response to our request; on another occasion, a telegram.

And I did not see Barnes again until one day in 1945, when I was on the Museum of Modern Art staff. I returned to the Museum from a sandwich luncheon in a nearby delicatessen. I was met at the elevator by my secretary, visibly agitated. She said, "Mr. Sweeney, there is a very strange man in your office who says he is Dr. Barnes." Delighted, I replied, "If he behaves strangely, it very probably *is* Dr. Barnes."

I opened my office door, and there, seated at my desk, with his feet on it, wearing his hat, and reading a French paperback novel, was Dr. Barnes, whose greeting was, "My God, Sweeney, you *do* take a long time for lunch!"

What he ostensibly wanted was certain information regarding *The Music Lesson* by Henri-Matisse, which the Museum had recently acquired—information which he could readily have had from Pierre Matisse, from whom he knew the painting had come. I had a feeling that he wanted to talk of other things and even to re-knit our relationship. The conversation turned to his regular trips to France, and I

mentioned that his friend Georges Keller had told me of his annual visit to the wine country to put aside a selection of the season's vintage for his cellar in Merion. He said, "Sweeney, I have something better than that. I still have a supply of *Pre-World War I* Scotch whisky. You must come down to Merion this Sunday." Of course, as things would have it, "this Sunday" was already committed to a lecture in Washington. But I did not want to miss the chance to knit up our relationship. I explained why I could not come "this Sunday," but added, "How about next Sunday?" He agreed, and he added, "And I will show you some *real* Prendergasts which very few people see because I keep them in our house, not in the Gallery." I had just told him that I had been up to the Prendergast home in Westport, Connecticut, as I was anxious that the Museum of Modern Art should have a good Maurice Prendergast for its collection, which at that time it lacked.

He told me that my wife and I should pick up a sandwich in the North Philadelphia Station and not waste any good daylight which could be given to the Collection. We arrived at the Gallery at about 1:30 P.M. and were told to go in and to make ourselves at home, that Dr. Barnes would be back at about five o'clock. There was no one there with us all afternoon, except perhaps, again, Nulty, who, however, kept out of sight.

After three and a half hours' wandering around by ourselves, we heard two people entering the lower gallery. Barnes shouted, "Come down, Sweeney, and come over to the house." We followed Mrs. Barnes and him and spent another half hour looking at what he did not hang in the Gallery—particularly his handsome Prendergasts, as well as Pascins and other personal favorites of his.

Finally he said, "Sweeney, and now the whisky." He brought out a bottle, a pitcher of water, and a measuring glass. He started to pour the whisky into the measuring glass and said, "I don't want you to think I am mean, but from long experience I have learned that an ounce and a half of whisky to an ounce of water is the proper proportion; and I like to be exact." I forget today the ideal proportions.

But he had not, whatever they were. And after a second, I agreed with him.

At this moment Mrs. Barnes and my wife were returning from the Arboretum. I suggested to my wife that we had already overstayed our visit. Barnes was on his feet at once. "You've forgotten that Burgundy and that Calvados we were talking about which I have been laying aside each year in Normandy and the *Côte d'Or*." And Mrs. Barnes added, "And we have a fourteen-pound turkey."

I remember in 1946 when Henry Moore came to this country for the exhibition of his work we had brought together for the Museum of Modern Art, he asked if there were any hope of being admitted to the Barnes Collection. I said, "Of course. And the best way is the simplest and most direct. Letters of introduction and the like are fatal." I said that he should write a note to Barnes, saying he was in New York and would like to come down to Merion to see the Foundation; and, above all, that he should not let Dr. Barnes think he might be in Philadelphia for some other reason. Moore wrote as I suggested, and two days later he told me that Barnes replied that he should come down Tuesday afternoon. I said, "Excellent." "But," Moore said, "you know that is the evening of the opening of the Museum Exhibition?" I said, "Of course, and Barnes knows it too. But," I added, "you will have other exhibition openings, and you will never have another chance to see the Barnes Collection if you do not take advantage of this one." He said, "And you don't mind if I miss the opening?" I said, "Of course not. The Barnes Collection is much more important."

Tuesday came, and Moore went to Merion.

That evening Nelson Rockefeller, as President of the Museum, was giving a dinner in his apartment before the opening. As we were all standing around having cocktails, I suddenly saw Moore coming down the stairs in a dinner jacket. I was baffled. I said, "What happened? Didn't you go to Merion?" "Of course I did. I went, was met by Barnes; he spent three hours showing me round the Collection. Then, suddenly, he turned to me and said, 'Moore, you had better go. Otherwise you are going to miss your opening.

My car is at the door; it will take you to North Philadelphia Station. You can still make it.' "

I have possibly dwelt at too great length on these aspects of Dr. Barnes' enigmatic character. But I am eager to do so because I have heard so much and read so much of the other side of Dr. Barnes. They are my personal impressions, and I feel somewhat justified in stressing them because they are so polarly opposite to the general legend of Dr. Barnes and to the reputation which he undoubtedly did much to deserve, but which has discouraged so many from enjoying the qualities of his character from which they might have benefited in appreciating.

The man Dr. Albert Barnes was one thing, the Collection is something else. Still, the two are bound together in a way as incalculable as his character and as exploratory as his Collection.

Of himself, Dr. Barnes has said that William James had taught him how to think, George Santayana had taught him how to feel, and John Dewey had taught him what is involved in educating people to new ways of thinking.

"Education," as he wrote in an essay published in the *Journal of the Barnes Foundation*, "is the complete and harmonious development of all the capacities with which an individual is endowed at birth, a development which requires, not coercion or standardization, but guidance of the interests of every individual towards a form that shall be uniquely characteristic of him."

"Education is successful," he wrote in another essay, "when an individual's *interest* is elicited, and 'interest' is defined as an anxiety about future consequences which impels an individual to actions leading to better consequences and the avoidance of worse ones."

"A good painting," Barnes repeated again and again, "is one in which the plastic means—line, light, color and space—are integrated into a consistent and meaningful whole."

Or, as his friend the philosopher John Dewey, also in the *Foundation Journal*, amplified, from a psychological viewpoint, Barnes' concept: "The successful integration of line, light, color and space means that a correlative integration is

effected in our organic responses to a painting. Eye-activities arouse allied muscular activities, which, in turn, not only harmonize with, and support, eye-activities, but evoke further experiences of light and color, and so on. Moreover, as in every adequate union of sensory and motor actions, the background of visceral, circulatory and respiratory functions is also constantly called into action. In other words, the successful integration of the plastic means in a painting permits, and insures, a corresponding integration of organic activities. Hence the peculiar well-being, relaxation in the midst of excitation, and vitality in peace, which are the characteristics of esthetic enjoyment."

And perhaps Barnes' view of a good painting, or sound work of art, is best illustrated in a homely way by a declaration with which he surprised the audience of his old *alma mater*, the Central High School in Philadelphia, in 1936, when he was asked to give the Barnwell Lecture of that year: "The greatest artist Philadelphia has ever produced is Connie Mack, the manager of the Philadelphia Athletics baseball team." "Let me reconcile this apparently wild assertion," he explained, "with the facts of the case. Connie Mack would not accept a recruit who would not rather play baseball than do anything else in the world. He gets teamwork out of men who are concerned primarily with their own excellence. When Connie Mack is successful, his team has attributes which all aestheticians agree are the indispensable requisites of great art—unity, variety, individuality and the production of aesthetic pleasure in others. . . . Connie Mack has given honest aesthetic pleasure to more people than anybody I know of in a lifetime spent in Philadelphia."

But Barnes began life at quite a distance from the philosophies of James, Santayana, and Dewey and from the art in which he was to immerse himself from 1910 until his death in 1951. His beginnings are very clouded, both by his own accounts, and by the legends which grew up around him. Still, the broad lines of his beginnings, as he recounted them to me with a few details, tie in with the looser accounts.

Barnes was born on January 2, 1872, in a small two-story row house, No. 1466 Cook (now Wilt) Street in the Kensington section of Philadelphia—then, as for many years after-

wards, a predominantly factory district. It was not a slum, as has been said by certain biographers of Dr. Barnes, but a very self-respecting neighborhood. His parents were poor, but Barnes was always exasperated by the Horatio Alger "rags to riches" color given by many writers to his career. His father started life as a butcher in a slaughterhouse and, after losing his right arm in the Civil War, succeeded in finding a variety of jobs, finally one on the *Philadelphia Ledger* which provided his family a modest but by no means impoverished existence.

When he was thirteen, Albert Barnes entered Philadelphia Central High School, the second oldest high school in the country, with an extremely high-standard curriculum.

There were three boys in Barnes' class at Central High who later won places in the annals of American Art: John Sloan, James Preston, and William Glackens.

Van Wyck Brooks has written that Barnes' and Glackens' common interest was baseball, and Barnes explained to me, in speaking of his friend Connie Mack, that for several seasons he had played semi-professional ball—probably more for the competitive pleasure it gave him than for the financial supplement it provided, much as he needed that. But they had another interest in common, painting. Glackens had not yet had any formal instruction in painting, but he may have been doing canvases on his own and may have known more about painting than his friend. For Barnes brought Glackens his first pictures for criticism. Glackens laughed at them. "I wanted to find out what he was laughing at; and I learned a lot from him."

Barnes explained to me that he had always enjoyed painting, but that, in view of his limited means, he decided, probably at his mother's urging, to take up medicine and, eventually, chemistry. I never gathered from him that he had ever assumed from his interest in painting any indication of talent in that field. It seemed to me that his interest in painting in those early years, as he described it to me, was more an evidence of his taste for painting and an effort to learn about it from Glackens—as he was to continue to do in later years—than any artistic ambition.

Barnes' medical and chemical studies took him, after

the University of Pennsylvania, to Berlin and, later, to Heidelberg—and to his association there with Hermann Hille; then, in Philadelphia, to the discovery of Argyrol and Otoferrin. The financial success of their exploitation is well known. The firm of *Barnes and Hille, Chemists*, founded in 1902, was showing an annual net profit in excess of \$186,000 by 1907. In 1908 the firm was dissolved, and the *A. C. Barnes Co.* was organized as a corporation. And from this time on, funds were never lacking to Barnes or to the Foundation.

Barnes' financial saga is one thing, but the art interest supported by it, which led to the Albert C. Barnes Collection as we know it today, is quite another.

On his return from Germany, Barnes had brought with him several landscapes which he had picked up there, undistinguished in quality, but indicative of his innate collector's urge. From 1905 on he began to buy more ambitiously. His first oil was a Corot landscape (Plate 29), which still hangs in the Foundation; and his first Renoir was purchased in these years—*Torso* (Plate 21), of 1875.

About 1910 Barnes renewed his friendship with his early schoolmate William Glackens, by this time a well-known illustrator and a member of the group *The Eight*, including John Sloan, Everett Shinn, Henri, and Luks. During the early phases of this renewed friendship, Barnes bought some of Glackens' best paintings and the work of some of Glackens' friends, Maurice Prendergast, Lawson, Demuth, and Maurer. And this was the beginning of the broadened collecting activities on Barnes' part which was eventually to result in the Collection and the Foundation.

In 1912 Barnes made up his mind to look for bigger game. His friend Glackens went to Paris that spring, and Barnes gave him \$20,000 for purchases he would indicate and at stipulated maximum prices. Following this plan, the first picture Glackens got was a Renoir, *Girl Reading*, and the twentieth, after the fund had been exhausted, a Degas, regarding which Glackens cabled Barnes and Barnes approved.

Within six months Barnes himself was on his way to Paris, and that was the beginning of those annual pilgrimages which, as he told me, were to bring him regularly via Cher-

bourg to the wine countries of France, and also to the Rue de la Boëtie and, particularly, to the *Galerie* of Paul Guillaume. And within three years of Glackens' trip, Barnes had acquired fifty Renoirs and fourteen Cézannes, as well as so many others which give the variety and richness to the Collection.

By the time of Barnes' death in 1951, the Collection stood as the most notable private collection made in the twentieth century. Today we know its masterworks by reputation, even those of us who have not had the opportunity to visit them—a matter easily rectifiable, since, according to the bylaws of the Foundation, after the death of Dr. and Mrs. Barnes the Gallery should open to the public on Saturdays, except in July and August. In fact, it has been open to the public all day Fridays and Saturdays and Sunday afternoons, September through May.

Actually, it is difficult to choose the masterworks in such a collection when one thinks of the one hundred and eighty paintings by Renoir, the number of Cézannes, Matisses, Modiglianis, Soutines, etc., it includes. We need only to glance over a score to see the quality of Barnes' choice in his purchases and also the courage of his taste in so many instances.

Let us begin with his great *Bathers at Rest* (Plate 34) by Cézanne, of 1876–1877, with its definitely South European Renaissance foundation for its impressionist light handling, broken colors, and faceted volumes—a model for many in the nineteen twenties and thirties who were attracted by cubist monumentality but did not wish to risk its fractured forms. From here to the great classic *Mont Ste-Victoire* [Valley of the Arc Seen from Bellevue] (Plate 32), of 1887–1888, the fingerpost to all the young pioneers of the first decade of the twentieth century, from Picasso and Braque to Derain, and translated into a dozen different rational and aesthetic dialects. Then the almost transparent, but light-drowned portrait of *Woman* [Madame Cézanne] *with Shawl* (Plate 10)—so delicate yet so subtly substantial. And the famous *Bibémus Quarry* (Plate 28)—a “motif” which Cézanne employed in so many of his landscapes. The *Man and Skull* (Plate 14)—monumental again, in an even

more powerful way than *Bathers at Rest*: a new composition of forms in space, almost geometrically organized, contrasted with the soft, heavy, patterned textile. *Woman* [Madame Cézanne] *with Green Hat* (Plate 9)—a psychological portrait as well as a compositional *tour de force* of lines, light, color, and space: impressionist in its palette and lighting, but, again, Mediterranean and Renaissance in its space composition. *Man in Room* (Plate 20)—a treatment of planes and suggested space between them maintaining a simple frontality that is boldness itself in its avoidance of descriptive rhetoric as well as anecdote. *Skull and Fruit* (Plate 31)—Cézanne at his most characteristic as a still-life painter; and *Provençal Peasant* (Plate 13)—sitting as solidly and as still as the apples in Cézanne's still lifes, but with what a richness of color in the background wall contrasting with the sitter's striped dress.

Perhaps I have given too much time to the Barnes Collection's Cézannes. But I know them so well, and they have meant so much to me, that the temptation has been very great. And it is impossible to do justice to the variety and quality of the total Collection in a few minutes' survey with reproductions. In fact, nothing would have exasperated Dr. Barnes more than to have someone attempt it. Only the work of art itself should be discussed; I have learned his lesson, and I am afraid I have learned, as a consequence, to hate reproductions.

From these few of the Collection's Cézannes, now on to some of its sixty Matisse. To begin with, the famous triptych of the *Three Sisters* (Plate 11), which was once the center of such a stir among collectors when Barnes succeeded in buying it from Valentine Dudensing. Next, Matisse's great post-fauve, 1908, *Woman in Red Madras Headdress* (Plate 7), with its hot palette and African Negro-mask features. Then, the cool 1919 *French Window at Nice* (Plate 3), in grays, roses, and blues. Or his rococo, mid-'teens *Music Lesson* (Plate 25), in cold, hard colors. Or his huge mural, *The Dance* (Plate 27), which Matisse painted on commission for the gallery that Barnes had built for the Collection in Merion. Here we have the complete composition, which, in its original form, through an error on the artist's

part was found not to fit the space for which it was planned, and another triptych had to be painted. (The original, which did not fit the Merion lunettes, is at present hanging in the *Musée d'Art Moderne* in Paris.)

And then a particular favorite of Barnes', Henri Rousseau, *le Douanier*—his *People in Sunday Clothes* (Plate 30). Rousseau was also a great favorite of Barnes' friend Paul Guillaume and, of course, one of the notable exhibitors in the New York Armory Show of 1913 with his *Jungle* fantasies.

Another favorite of Paul Guillaume was Modigliani, possibly in part because of his association with African Negro art. But aside from that, in the second decade of the twentieth century, the lyrical delicacy of his line and his sculptor's sense of modelling had already won him a deserved place in Paris art. *Haricot Rouge* (Plate 16) with a red cone of hair is probably Barnes' best-known Modigliani. But his *Jolie Ménagère* (Plate 19) has all Modigliani's characteristic qualities with a certain extra distinction, as has his *Girl in Sunday Clothes* (Plate 15) with orange hair and polka-dot waist.

Soutine's *Seated Woman* (Plate 18) is a typical, freely handled example of his work. Barnes' purchase of over fifty of his pictures for 3000 francs was too much for Soutine. He rushed out, called a taxi, and said, "To Nice." The taxi-driver hesitated until Soutine showed him his roll of bills. But Barnes' support in *The Art in Painting* and elsewhere helped to launch Soutine much farther than Nice.

Here a Van Gogh; here an Utrillo, of whose work Barnes had so many of all periods.

Renoir was, of course, Barnes' favorite, and the Collection has his work, both late and early: *Bather* [Gabrielle] *Drying Herself* (Plate 22) as late as 1909; *Woman with Black Hair* (Plate 23), 1911; and the great *Bathing Group* (Plate 36), of 1916, painted shortly before the artist's death. Of Renoir's early work, among others, is *Mother and Child* (Plate 26), of 1881; *Landscape with Harvester* (Plate 35), of 1888; *Washerwoman and Baby* (Plate 8), ca. 1886; *Girl with Glove* (Plate 24), of 1890, to mention only a few. And then the quantity of late warm reddish nudes, so difficult of accep-

tance in some quarters, but so much admired by Barnes himself.

I regret the impossibility to cover all aspects of the Collection. This has to be merely a sampling. The works themselves at the Foundation speak more eloquently, in any case, without a black-and-white introduction.

From this hurried glance one has only a slight notion of the variety and quality of the Collection—a richness and vitality rare in any collector's gatherings. And it was fundamentally Barnes' deep love of painting which encouraged the prescience that made such a selection possible. As he enjoyed talking with painters, he also enjoyed talking with pictures. "I can talk without speaking to Cézanne, Prendergast, Daumier, Renoir," Barnes wrote; "they can talk to me in kind. I can criticize them and take, without offense, their refutation which comes silently but powerfully when I learn months later what they mean and not what I thought they meant. That is one of the joys of the collector—the elasticity with which paintings stretch to the beholder's personal vision, which they have helped to develop."

It must have seemed to me in reading and re-reading *The Art in Painting* years ago that, logically, Barnes should have welcomed a non-naturalistic art, an "abstract" art, in which no apparent subject exists but what Barnes called the plastic means—"line, light, color, and space." For example, in *The Art in Painting*, he compares Titian's *Entombment* in the Louvre with a Cézanne still life (Plate 12), stating in his caption that "the design in these two paintings is very similar, showing the irrelevancy of subject matter to plastic value." In any case, whether through my misreading or otherwise, this opened up for me a path to the appreciation of so-called abstract art. Perhaps with Barnes, as happens so often in the discussion of ideas, the matter of terminology or definition led him away from the point he himself seemed to have made so clearly. Actually, in his book Barnes quoted without disapproval an attempt by his friend Laurence Buermeier to reconcile abstract and realistic art. But in the end he declared that, at best, abstract art could only be a lower order of creation—mere decoration.

It is true that I never heard Barnes express any interest

in, or, for that matter, even mention, the work of Piet Mondrian; and he apparently had a strange blockage towards products of the cubist movement and no interest whatsoever in Picasso's work after 1914. Yet there were many fringe cases which he did accept—Klee, for example. And obdurate as Barnes seemed at certain times in his preferences, it is interesting to recall how flexible, modest, and tacitly self-critical he could be at others.

When we look at the Barnes Collection in its totality, its remarkable feature is its breadth of embrace. Barnes had his prejudices, but I believe it was Baudelaire who said, "a critic should have his prejudices, but they should be the right prejudices." The Collection goes a long way to illustrate Barnes' theory that art can exist everywhere and that to appreciate art genuinely one must be able to recognize it in its most acutely diverse expressions. This is the opportunity the Collection gives the visitor. There, one can move from a classical masterwork such as Seurat's great canvas, *Les Poseuses* (Plate 37)—one of the high points of French painting in the nineteenth century—to the easy, comfortable, running rhythms and gay morning colors of Matisse's *Joie de Vivre* (Plate 38), so expressive of its title in the integration of its line, light, color, and space. Then from the arabesques of Matisse to the solid Mediterranean architectonics of Cézanne's monumental *Card Players* (Plate 33).

It is Barnes' philosophical outlook, related as it is to Dewey's, which has opened up these wide horizons to all of us through the Collection. And in the Collection he has finally realized those three objectives which he set for himself when he began to bring it together, stated timidly at first, but boldly within five years. His aims, as he described them, were, first, to make his Collection as representative of all the traditions of painting he could; second, to build a gallery for the Collection in which it could be studied systematically in accordance with Dewey's educational principles; and, third, to write and disseminate books which would make available to the general public the fruits of his own studies and reflections and those of the teachers and students of the Foundation he planned to create.

But it was, above all, Barnes' love of life which helped

him, through his enjoyment of painting, to bring together this monument—this symbol of creative enjoyment, which is the Albert C. Barnes Collection, with its crown of one hundred and eighty pictures by Renoir, in whose work Barnes was always able to find, and which he has passed on to all who are willing to make the effort to enjoy it, that quality in Renoir's work which he saw as "the spirit of perpetual youth in a garden of June loveliness."

Art Appreciation and the Art of Appreciation

An Autobiographical Note

by NORMAN D. WEINER, M.D.*

The enjoyment of art is one of the experiences which are desirable for their own sake. It is, of course, capable of acquiring other values also. . . .

Art . . . is one of the ways in which instinct finds satisfaction. . . . What distinguishes the response to works of art is that it takes the form of understanding, not merely intellectually but with our whole personality.†

IN the winter of 1958, when I was a medical student, I had, for the first time, the privilege of observing a psychiatric interview conducted by a senior psychiatrist. The patient was an attractive young woman who found herself unable successfully to navigate a marriage. She had a great many complaints. That was essentially all I gleaned from the interview. During the same winter I remember taking less than half an hour to walk through the ten rooms devoted to early Italian paintings in the National Gallery of Art in Washington. I saw nothing more than many pictures of the Madonna and Child and interesting scenes from the life of Christ.

Even then I was acutely aware of the parallel nature of my response to the two events. I was, in effect, blind. Fortunately, I was able to rationalize my situation by a review of my history in becoming a doctor: I presumed that there was hope for recovery in at least one of the two areas, for I knew that I was the result of a system of premedical and medical education which by its very nature can, and usually does, have as one of its hopefully temporary results a constricting and narrowing of the field of intellectual and emo-

* Alumnus of the Art Department.

† Albert C. Barnes, *The Art in Painting*, (Third Edition), Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, 1937, p. 9.

tional vision. Eight years of participation in rather sterile scientific courses, where the emphasis was on the memorization of facts and symptoms without an accompanying guide of concepts to their relationships, indeed, had had a stultifying effect. The ground had not been prepared by a philosophy of science or medicine, so that there were no precepts to help or encourage the final outcome in the practice of the *art* of medicine.

The educational deficiencies just indicated, the anxiety engendered by competition, and the vast amount of work inevitably demanded of medical students served to stop thoughtful excursions into other fields. Therefore, no extra-medical stimulation for continued growth or new ideas was possible at that time. This is not to say that all doctors wear blinders and practice medicine by looking at and treating symptoms alone. Some, perhaps more than ordinarily imaginative or curious, and possessed of an innate ability to conceptualize and abstract, grow to be sensitive and even wise old men who see the whole patient as well as his pathology. But this usually comes slowly, and the relationships between pathology and personality are glimpsed only after an event has occurred that forcefully brings ideas and emotions together.

The young doctor, however, is usually in the stifling position described above. So it was with me when I began my residency in psychiatry and, simultaneously, my career in psychoanalysis. Unfortunately, I once again found myself functioning with little more insight than I had demonstrated by my half-hour trek through the National Gallery. Although I was studying people rather than bodies, minds rather than organs, and the work was personally more gratifying, I was aware that something was missing. Still, the *content* of what the patient was saying was exciting and interesting, and I was at least able to recognize that the same content was underlying and stimulating man's endeavors in the world at large, that it was not solely a phenomenon to be met in clinical psychopathology. This in itself was reassuring, since now I found that I could, as a result of what I had seen in my practice, understand more in literature, anthropology, sociology, etc. In those days I was only too eager to

apply the insights of psychoanalysis to art as well, though the reverse idea had not yet occurred to me. A museum visit was still acutely painful, for I knew how little I was seeing.

In response to a letter of application for admission to The Barnes Foundation, I received a small brochure outlining the Foundation's philosophy. One sentence remained in my mind, though it was to be several years before I would be in a position to follow through on my application:

Art appreciation can no more be absorbed by aimless wandering in galleries than can surgery be learned by casual visits to a hospital.

In 1967, I was accepted as a student in the Foundation's course in the philosophy and appreciation of art. During the middle of the fourth lecture suddenly my world changed: It was a lack of appreciation of the *formal** elements, both in my perception of things and in my thinking, that I had been missing. Not only had I not conceived of and experienced paintings, furniture, cars, architecture, sculpture, etc., in such a way as to comprehend their meaning in terms of the interaction of all aspects of their identity, but my perception of form was inadequate in my own work and that area closest to it, the study of literature. I knew what the content of my patients' statement meant from the point of view of its specific informational reference, but it was not until Dr. Barnes' philosophy and insight, as expressed through Violette de Mazia and other Foundation teachers, taught me to look at and appreciate the structural elements and their inter-relationships in painting that my patients' drives, conflicts, and defenses were appreciated as *only a part* of other facets of their overall personality, style, choice of clothing, manner of speaking and walking, and so forth. It was as if I had known those aspects of my patients without fully realizing that they were, in truth, an integral part of the expressive identity of each patient, for my emphasis had been on the content of psychopathology rather than on the gestalt of a given individual.

* "Formal" is used here to describe the structural means by which the artist communicates expressive content.

As the result of a crystallization of thoughts concerning form, there occurred a shift of emphasis in my work, a broader understanding of the functioning of my patients' minds, and, ultimately, I was able to be of more help to them.

The Foundation's teaching also opened the way for my further distinguishing the components of the entity under study and for assessing the specific role played by each in its realization:

No plastic element in a painting stands by itself, but is repeated, varied, counterbalanced by similar elements in other parts of the picture.*

When I applied this sensitive intuition to the study of a patient's description of his life, I found that it helped me to bring together and to order the rich and various material he presented. I was better able to grasp the significance of the specific elements making up the whole of his account through all their distortions, with a clear awareness of the contrapuntal efforts of the mind's different structures to use, change, repress, and manipulate one's psychic life. Subsequently, it led me to understand how the subject's character, life style, friends, and vocation were all influenced by his underlying "theme" of personality. Thus, the study of the structural elements of painting helped me to see beyond the phenomena of psychological drives and defenses much sooner than I would have if I had arrived there only through the slow, painstaking work of clinical and theoretical psychoanalysis.

Subject matter and plastic form are not in any absolute sense separable.†

Again, presuming that subject matter in art roughly equals the content of the patient's discourse, I began to hear what was being expressed in terms of the *manner* of presentation as well as in terms of the material itself—for example, in terms of *how* and *when* certain words were delivered as well

* *Ibid.*, p. 62.

† *Ibid.*, p. 72.

as in terms of the denotative meaning of the particular words used. More and more I found that a confrontation, explanation, or interpretation that included some aspect of the form—*i.e.*, the manner of presentation—taken by a wish (drive) was more acceptable and useful to the patient, and sounded more reasonable to him, than simply a revelation of the basic drive elements.

A line in isolation is rarely to be considered in a painting; it gets form from its relation to other lines; its value in the hierarchy of art is determined by its significant use in connection with the other elements—color, light, space, mass, shadow—which make up drawing.*

The osmotic relationship between form and content in a patient's mentation became clearer to me as I became more familiar with the function of the plastic elements† in paintings. A clinical example might be useful in demonstrating the interconnection between one element of a patient's statement—an element which recurs in various guises as a theme of his discourse—and the overall form of his personality. The case in point concerns a woman having as one of her major problems the wish to remain a child. We may equate this basic wish to *imprimatura*, a pervasive color undercoat used in some paintings which affects the general character of the colors on the surface and, on occasion, itself shows through. That is to say, the patient's wish more or less colored all other aspects of her psychic life, and of course it was always actively influential on the surface behavior, even when it was completely covered over. One variation of this "color-theme," or fundamental childlike posture, consisted of the statement, "If I wait long enough, someone else will do it." Others included such traits as a flirtatiousness, a little-girlishness, and so on. For comparison's sake, we shall say that a particular manifestation of a theme in a person's mentation equals the "line" mentioned in the quotation above. In the past I might only have pointed out to the patient her inappropriate indignation when her husband

* *Ibid.*, pp. 96-101.

† The term "plastic elements" is used to designate the primary material of any medium of expression. In painting it refers to the means—such as those of color, light, line, space, etc.—by which the artist makes his picture statement.

was annoyed at her failure to complete a household task. Now I find it more efficacious first to indicate how she uses a childlike ingenuousness to be appealing to others and to seek relief from the more somber world. Likewise, I might point out how her little-girl flirtatiousness stands her in good stead from time to time in making new friends. At the same time, I am able to show that the identical wish and personality structure are apparent as negative features when she is unable to cope with problems, when she fails to care for the children adequately, when she exhibits a type of inertia in her sexual life, and, clearest of all, when she waits for the analyst to do the work in the treatment for her. The recognition of how in a painting the *imprimatura* can reappear here and there, colored in various ways, or how in a person's life style a theme makes its way into many psychic productions was more exciting for me and more useful for her than content analysis alone would have been.

One element of a personality has been traced briefly to show how it can be found to appear and reappear in different forms—as it were, “emphasized, distorted, rearranged”; in other words, how an instinctual wish is modified by various functions of the ego and, in this case, by the superego to form one character trait in the psychic composition of a well-known type of delightful but disturbing female.

In general, then, in my practice my appreciation* of the

* “Appreciation” is an interesting word in that it possesses a high degree of ambiguity: it is generally taken to mean that (a) one feels warmth of satisfaction and approval in regard to (a painting) as a result (b) of being critically and emotionally sensitive to the aesthetic values, technical excellence, composition, etc. It also means that one (c) is keenly sensible and (d) perceives distinctly. Furthermore, there is a consideration (e) of understanding and (f) of something going up in value. This is an example of conjunctive ambiguity where the separate meanings are jointly effective. (Kris, E., and Kaplan, A., *Psychoanalytic Explorations in Art*, International Universities Press, New York, 1952, p. 247.)

(a) From *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. G.&C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., 1934.

(b) *Ibid.*

(c) From *College Standard Dictionary*, Funk and Wagnalls, New York and London, 1940.

(d) *Ibid.*

(e) From *Webster's New International Dictionary*, *op. cit.*

(f) *Ibid.*

person, of the patient, of the psychic functions has grown, and my technique has become more efficacious, as a result of the greater understanding of formal qualities that the Barnes method of art appreciation has taught me. Needless to say, the same early Italian paintings mentioned at the beginning of this essay are now viewed differently, so that I can hardly go through two or three rooms of a museum in an afternoon. My vision of the world has been expanded and enriched. Specifically, it has grown more pointed in its aims and more thorough in its actions, more flexible yet precise, pertinent to the problem at hand—in a word, more objectively perceptive.

On the Nature of Time

by GILBERT M. CANTOR, Esq.*

Magda: Explain that the web of my life has worn down to one single thread, that the hands of the clock glitter like knives. Explain to the consul, explain!

—The Consul, Act I, Scene 2

PREFACE†

THE definition of Time toward which this essay is directed and which is offered near the end of it is the product of twenty years of reading and thinking about Time.

The proposed definition is fairly simple. It may also be incorrect. It may turn out not even to be helpful by way of provoking better analysis from others. Therefore, perhaps I should say: the definition of Time presented here is all I have to show for twenty years of Time study.

Yet, such a statement abashes me not at all. For “the roads that lead man to knowledge are as wondrous as that knowledge itself,”¹ and the road over which I have traveled has been fascinating indeed. I have been deeply interested in the subject, and I have managed to pursue my interest. I think there are few sources of equal satisfaction in life.

Twenty years ago, in a labor relations seminar in snow-covered Durham, New Hampshire, Professor Hogan, who fortunately knew Mann and Proust as well as he knew the textile industry, presented for discussion an unreported arbitration case. The case involved a collective bargaining agreement which provided that the employees should have six paid holidays if they met the enumerated requirements, but “. . . if *at the time of the occurrence of any such holiday* the Company is operating on a schedule the equivalent of less than two full shifts . . . no holiday pay . . . shall be required.” (Emphasis mine.)

* Alumnus of the Art Department.

† “The function of a preface is to ingratiate the author with the reader in a naive effort to forestall criticism by a show of modesty.” George W. Dalzell, *Benefit of Clergy: Preface* (1955).

The Company had operated continuously for ten years on three shifts until Labor Day week of 1951. During that week the plant was shut down because of changes in the Company's orders from certain customers which caused a bottleneck that had to be adjusted. Following Labor Day week the plant had been back on three shifts. The question submitted for arbitration was whether the employees were entitled under the terms of the agreement to Labor Day pay for 1951.

In the words of the arbitrator: "The issue boils down to the meaning of the phrase, 'at the time of the holiday,' and, more specifically, it boils down to the meaning of the word 'time' within the context of Article III." The Company argued that the phrase referred to *a point in time*, namely, the "time of the holiday"; in other words, as long as there was a simultaneity or coincidence of (a) a holiday and (b) the designated reduction of shifts, the condition was met. The union argued that Time was a flow, not a collection of points, that the "time of the holiday" was some *period* in which the holiday occurred, and that in this case there was not a sufficient shutdown period to require the loss of holiday pay under the agreement. The issue and the parties' approach to it were, for me as well as for John Hogan, much more interesting than the arbitrator's award.*

My walk "by the ocean of Time"² has, of course, not been steady or constant. Rather, it has been sporadic, and varied in the intensity of effort and excitement. In essence, I have over the years gone sniffing and bounding after Time much as my beagle now and again goes sniffing and bounding after an elusive and invisible quarry, with occasional yelps of excitement when the distance from the object seems to narrow.

I have (to reverse the image) squirreled away important references and helpful metaphors, most of which will be trotted out in the pages that follow. There has been little

* For those whose curiosity is nonetheless aroused, I might mention that the arbitrator found that there was no common "intent of the bargain" here, but, rather, two intents, the Company's and the Union's, and he adopted the Company's interpretation in accordance with what he deemed the "commonly accepted meaning." Would you agree?

method to my madness. Moreover, I have had no special training and claim no general qualification for this particular pursuit. Although there are many enterprises, both intellectual and practical, which are abetted by legal education and experience, the investigation of Time for its own sake seems not to be one of them.

What kind of investigation is it, exactly? Difficult to say. Perhaps to start with: if we exist, as we seem to, in Space and Time, primary wonderments ought naturally to be—What is Space? And what is Time? At this point in the history of human thought and knowledge, we would expect to turn to S and T in the dictionary or in the fat encyclopedias for the nature of Space and Time. In fact, such a turning discovers nothing.

How, then, would one approach a definition? By mentioning the qualities that characterize these concepts? Space seems to contain things and also to separate them. Time seems to *pass*, but whence does it come, where does it go, and how does it pass?

Setting Space aside for another writer, let us consider: What is Time? What kind of question is this? Or, to put it differently, to whom should such a question be addressed: To a philosopher? To a scientist? To an artist?

Thinking historically, we would look to philosophy before science, the latter being a relative new-comer. Thinking culturally, as one raised in the “literary intellectual,” as distinguished from the “scientific,” milieu of C. P. Snow’s “Two Cultures,” one would look to philosophy and to art before science, the latter representing a strange language and an alien intellectual “set.”

Wherever one looks, however, little is found. Although Time is a primary modality of human experience, and of all existence, and ought therefore to be one of the chief objects of rational inquiry, we find only sporadic efforts, most of which are primitive, contradictory or fragmentary. Accordingly, this paper may be viewed in part as a “consumer protest,” written to fill the gap which the proper disciplines should not have left.*

* In 1967, in recognition of the neglect I have mentioned, an International Society for the Study of Time was formed.

Of course, neither philosophy nor art nor science alone can contain such a subject. Their insights must be synthesized from an overview. Such an overview is today hard to come by for the reason expounded by Snow in his famous "Two Cultures" essays, namely, that while the clashing points of two subjects, disciplines or cultures ought to produce creative chances, and then significant breakthroughs, the chances are non-productive today because the members of the two cultures no longer talk to each other.³

It is the task of this paper, therefore, to bridge, however ineptly, the inter-disciplinary chasms in search of a unified view of Time, in which the philosophical knowledge, the scientific principles, the artistic insights and the various human experiences of Time can be reconciled.

Our object, then, is twofold. The primary goal is to "define" Time, or at least to advance the depiction of it and perhaps to stimulate a better definition. The secondary goal is to illustrate the fusion of philosophical, scientific and artistic knowledge, *a fusion which is essential to any complete understanding and to the process of understanding itself.*⁴

Being a practitioner of none of the mentioned disciplines, I have at least a creative opportunity. As Arthur Koestler writes: "This operation of removing a problem from its traditional context and placing it into a new one, looking at it through glasses of a different color, as it were, has always seemed to me of the very essence of the creative process."⁵

E contra, if the effort is not singularly successful, perhaps the reader will view it with the charity with which Dr. Johnson viewed a dog walking on his hind legs: "The wonder is not that he does it so badly, but that he does it at all."

I. IDEAS OF TIME

Before selecting the pieces which are to be incorporated into our final statement about Time, it will be helpful to introduce our accumulation of data regarding the characteristics of Time, the functions of Time, the effects of Time, the relationships of Time to other things and the several kinds of Time and Time experience. While the subjects treated below

are separated for purposes of analysis, we should recognize that in reality they also overlap (*e.g.*, Change involves Motion, and Causation relates to Change).

Moreover, certain of the Time ideas and views presented are inconsistent or in conflict with each other, and no attempt will be made to resolve the issues presented except as the resolution is implicit in our concluding statement about Time. As Whitehead pointed out in connection with the various clashes between religion and science, "a clash of doctrine is not a disaster—it is an opportunity. . . . In formal logic, a contradiction is a signal of defeat: but in the evolution of real knowledge, it marks the first step in progress toward a victory."⁶ He cites the precept: "Let both [doctrines] grow together until the harvest."⁷

Time and Motion. The local train leaving Chestnut Hill at 8:15 sometimes reaches Penn Center Station at 8:45. Between the departure and the arrival there is Motion. Time passes as the wheels turn.

The second hand of the clock turns a full circle: a minute has passed. The earth moves once around the sun: a year has passed.

Motion is perhaps the most obvious of the things we connect with Time:

Words move, music moves
Only in time.⁸

Not surprisingly, early attempts to explain Time seized upon Motion as the key.

For Aristotle,⁹ the ultimate cause of Time was the unceasing circular Motion of the heaven as effected by the influence of the prime mover exerted at the circumference. The unending Motion of the heaven through infinite Time is perceived as an approximation to the eternal perfection of the cause. Further, since Motion is continuous, the Time of the Motion must be continuous, for the length of Time always seems to bear a definite proportion to the amount of Motion.

We recognize Time, said Aristotle, whenever we distin-

guish a prior and posterior in Motion. We say that Time has passed when we perceive two "nows," one prior, one posterior, with an interval between them. He concludes that *Time is the number of motion according to prior and posterior.*

The "now," he explained, is unextended and discrete, and as such may be looked upon as a number. Though the parts of a line all exist together, the parts of Time do not. Moreover, Time has a certain order, since one part is prior, one posterior. He called Time the *number* of Motion; therefore, while Time and Motion are continuous, only the "now" of Time actually exists. Here again we meet the riddle or paradox, to which we shall return, of the "point" versus the "flow" of Time: does Time reside in the instant, unextended and discrete, or in a "flow" in which an unextended instant would be out of Time?

For Plato¹⁰ also Motion was the most conspicuous key to the passage of Time. The creator of the universe, he tells us, took as his model the eternal. In ordering the universe, he made an image of eternity, an eternal image proceeding according to number. Time is thus "the moving image of eternity," in which the unity of eternity is represented in the universe by the regular progression of a numerical series.

Days, nights and months, according to Plato, did not exist before the creation of the universe, but came into being when it was formed. The sun, moon and planets were fashioned to distinguish and guard the numbers of Time in order that Time might be created. In a sense, Time is the wanderings of the sun, moon and planets. Collectively, their movements form a single Time, which is the image proceeding in accordance with the numbers they provide.

Plotinus¹¹ also recognized Time as an image of eternity, as life on a lower level of perfection, but he defined Time as "the life of soul as it passes from one stage of actualization to another," "soul" being a creative principle in which the universe moves and which produces its acts one after another in constant succession.

Plotinus, however, took pains to distinguish Time from Motion. Time cannot be Motion, he writes, because Motion is in Time and is by that fact something different from Time. Motion can cease and be intermittent, but Time cannot.

Even the Motion of the universe is in Time because its revolution is completed in a certain Time which is different from the Time of half a revolution. Similarly, Time cannot be *an extension* of Motion because all Motions do not have the same extension, and Time cannot be *the measure* of Motion, for in order to account for the unity and continuity of Time the idea that it is the measure of Motion could apply only to a single Motion—that of the universe.

For St. Augustine,¹² as for Plotinus, Time had to be some absolute standard outside of Motion, a standard which he located in “the activity of soul.” The present, he perceived, is without extension, but the soul’s attention endures and, because it endures, offers a passage for the future into the past. Time was defined by St. Augustine as “a distention of Man’s soul.”

With Plotinus and St. Augustine, and those who follow, we move from Motion-based Time theory to the subjectification of Time, which will be discussed in subsequent passages.

Time and Change. “Time is functional,” Thomas Mann wrote in *The Magic Mountain*; “it can be referred to as action; we say a thing is brought about by Time. What sort of thing? Change!”¹³

While Motion takes place in Time, so also does that subtle and frequently irreversible complex of “motions” that we call Change. The man who arrives with the Chestnut Hill local has not only moved, he has experienced cellular changes, metabolic activity and new thoughts or dreams; he has grown older.

What we know of other people
Is only our memory of the moments
During which we knew them. And they have changed since
then.
To pretend that they and we are the same
Is a useful and convenient social convention
Which must sometimes be broken. We must also remember
That at every meeting we are meeting a stranger.¹⁴

We refer here to “personality,” of which the permanent reality, writes Beckett in his study of Proust,

can only be apprehended as a retrospective hypothesis. The individual is the seat of a constant process of decantation, decantation from the vessel containing the fluid of future time, sluggish, pale and monochrome, to the vessel containing the fluid of past time, agitated and multicoloured by the phenomena of its hours. . . . There is no escape from the hours and the days. Neither from tomorrow nor from yesterday because yesterday has deformed us, or been deformed by us. . . . We are not merely more weary because of yesterday, we are other, no longer what we were before the calamity of yesterday.¹⁵

And after death? "The dead man—is dead; he has closed his eyes on time. He has plenty of time, or personally speaking, he is timeless, which does not prevent . . ." ¹⁶ the decay that ensues.

Although we have stressed personal change, obviously change takes place with the passage of Time in inanimate beings: the rock worn by flowing waters does not simply get older; it is altered with the passage of Time.

Indeed, the forms of Change with which we are familiar—simple Motion, decay, erosion, growth, progress, etc., etc.—are too numerous to catalogue.

It is difficult to conceive of Change without the passage of Time. And it is difficult to imagine the passage of Time without the occurrence of Change.

Time and Causation. Closely related to the fact of Change is the question of Causation. Hume used the psychological basis of Time (a topic we will pursue in "Time and the Mind" below) to distinguish Time from Causation. We must not receive as reasoning, he tells us, any of our observations concerning Time and Place, since in none of these observations can mind go beyond what is immediately present to the senses.¹⁷ Experience gives us nothing more than invariable Time sequence; all that we actually see is that when A happens, B follows. The *necessity* that the notion of causality implies is nowhere to be found in experience.¹⁸

Hans Reichenbach, in *The Rise of Scientific Philosophy*, carried the same data to the opposite end of the field. According to Reichenbach, what we feel as the flow of Time has been revealed by scientific analysis to be *identical with the causal process that constitutes the world*.¹⁹ There are irre-

versible processes: if one man sees a whole house and another sees it burned, we know who saw it first because burning is irreversible. Conversely, if one event is known to be the cause of another, the former must be earlier than the latter. Thus, Reichenbach maintained, it is an empirical fact that our world admits of a consistent order in terms of a serial relation which is based on causal relation and called Time.²⁰

Time and Space. We measure Time by Space, as when we watch the movement of the hands of a clock. And we measure Space by Time, as when we say that from one place to another is so many hours by train.²¹

We frequently use spatial metaphor in speaking of duration. We say that Time is "long," just as we say a distance is "long." An event may be "far off" in the "distant" future or "back" in the past. We speak of "presence" in Time and in Place. Thus the "clear and present danger" test (for the validity of limitations on freedom of expression), as enunciated by Holmes in the *Abrams* case,²² though originally a Time concept, referring to *present* signs of an *imminent* evil, was later converted,²³ via the spatio-temporal ambiguity, to a spatial test, in which the danger, even though doomed from the outset, need merely be present—that is, *here*.

If Time requires Motion and Change for its existence, it requires Space also, for Motion and Change require Space as well as Time. In Plato's conception, Space indeed preceded Time. The elements, he believed, preceded the creation of the universe; for they can exist in a spatial order that is not temporal as well.²⁴

Just as Space must co-exist with Time for those who link Time with Motion or Change, so those who "subjectify" Time (*i.e.*, consider Time to be a way of perceiving, or a "form" of the mind, rather than a "real" process of the universe) deny the objective reality of Space as well. For Kant, for example, as discussed below under the heading "Time and the Mind," both Space and Time were forms of perception or intuition and, as such, purely subjective.

Einstein, to move abruptly forward, essentially agreed with Kant that Space and Time are forms of intuition which

cannot be divorced from consciousness. The individual's experiences appear to him in a series of events arranged as "earlier" and "later." This subjective Time is itself not measurable. The events can be numbered and the numbers related to a clock, but the Time intervals of a clock or calendar are not absolute quantities imposed on the entire universe.²⁵

There is, according to the Theory of Relativity, no such thing as a fixed interval of Time independent of the system to which it is referred. There is no "now" that applies to the whole universe. We observe the moon as it was more than a second ago; the sun as it was eight minutes ago; Pluto, five hours ago. If we could see events on the earth reflected in mirrors placed on suitable stars at different distances, we could observe the history of mankind taking place before our eyes.²⁶

We are told, further, that a clock attached to a moving system runs at a different rhythm from an ordinary clock. The clock slows as its velocity increases. A clock traveling at the speed of light would stop completely. A clock traveling at a speed greater than the speed of light would move in reverse!²⁷

The world in which we live is, according to Einstein, a four-dimensional Time-Space continuum.²⁸ Time is one of the four dimensions, the other three being length, breadth and height. This means that any physical event can be uniquely specified by associating it with four numbers, which together designate the time and place of its occurrence.²⁹ Thus one would envisage the flight of an airplane as a continuous curve in a four-dimensional Time-Space continuum.³⁰

In classical mechanics, the spatial coordinates are viewed as coordinates of Time; that is, Time was the independent variable, and everything else was dependent on it. In the equations of Relativity all four dimensions have come to stand on an equal footing. These new equations are left unchanged if the symbol for Time is interchanged with any of the three symbols for the distances, but this does not mean that Space and Time are the same thing or that they are interchangeable for purposes other than the equations.³¹

On the other hand, as distinguished from subjective Time

and Space, the continuum is intended as a description of reality, not merely a mathematical construction. We are told that the world is a Space-Time continuum, that all reality exists both in Space and in Time, that the two are indivisible. Measurements of Time are, in fact, measurements of the earth's position in Space, and measurements in Space depend on measurements in Time—for example, a given star may be forty “light years” away. *When the astronomer looks through his telescope he looks not only outward in Space but backward in Time.*³²

Time and the Mind. For Plato and Aristotle, as we have seen, Time had an external cause outside the universe; moreover, Time exists objectively, being involved with Motion and number or regularity.

St. Augustine³³ moved Time into the realm of the mind or “soul.” The past, being over, does not exist. The future, not having arrived, does not exist. The present, flying so swiftly from the future into the past *that it has no lapse or extension*, must, nevertheless, have extension in the soul. This it achieves by retaining images of past events and perceiving present signs of future events. Thus we have three “times”: present with reference to past events, present with reference to present events, and present with reference to future events. These “times,” according to St. Augustine, are *in the soul and not elsewhere*.

So the Time-thing in the mind
 reaches back into the past to hold what it wants
 and reaches forth to the future to grasp what it needs
 and draws the two together
 like the blades of a scissors
 closing to a point
 and the point
 on which the past
 and the future
 are drawn together
 in the mind
 is called
 The pres-
 en
 t
 .

The present, to be sure, is without extension, but the soul's attention endures, and this enduring attention offers a passage for the future into the past.

Hume, as we noted in discussing Time and Causation, considered Time to be a psychological phenomenon. He held that as Mind cannot go beyond what is present to the senses, we cannot attribute objective reality to our observations concerning Time and Place. This divorce of Mind from the universe was carried to the extreme by Kant, who saw experience as derived from two sources: things as they are in themselves, and the mind. Experience is a product of the two. Experience begins when things in themselves act upon the senses, but the moment this happens an elaborate machinery is set in motion which makes it forever impossible for us to know things as they are, independent of our ways of knowing.³⁴

In this view, not only is the content of our experience determined by our modes of sensation, but its very form and arrangement, its order and organization, are determined by the mind that receives or molds it. Nothing can enter into our experience without arranging itself according to the laws of our nature: *i.e.*, (a) according to the forms of immediate perception or intuition of Space and Time, *which are purely subjective*; (b) according to the logical order imposed by the categories of understanding; and (c) according to the logical unity of the ego that apperceives (or assimilates) all the contents of experience and thus, by necessity, apprehends the world as unified.³⁵ The thing-in-itself is not in Space or in Time; these are merely forms of the mind.³⁶

Hegel conceived ultimate reality as Time-less, believing that Time is merely an illusion generated by our inability to see the whole. He went further, however, and related the Time-process to the logical process of his dialectic. Thus the Time-process moves from the less to the more perfect, in both an ethical and a logical sense.³⁷

The "subjectification" of Time, from St. Augustine through Kant and Hegel, cut and deepened a gap between the mind and the universe or "real world." Others have tried to close or bridge this gap. Max Rieser, for example, stated that "temporality is the aspect of limitation of

phases. Time is the expression of the fact that there are processes in the world, phenomena possessing phases; and, while such phenomena may stay spatially on the same spot, they may still vary in intensity. Time is the measure of variation of intensity.”³⁸

Whitehead attacked the fundamental duality, with *mind* on the one hand and *material* on the other, that had been created, holding that “in between there lie the concepts of life, organism, function, instantaneous reality, interaction, order of nature, which collectively form the Achilles heel of the whole system.”³⁹ He distrusted subjectivism because of our knowledge of past ages when no living being existed on earth and because of our inferences respecting parts of the universe we have not observed. He also conceded that the body is an organism whose states regulate our cognizance of the world:

But this functioning of the body in one place exhibits for cognizance an aspect of the distant environment, fading away into the general knowledge that there are things beyond. If this cognizance conveys knowledge of a transcendent world, it must be because the event which is the bodily life unifies for itself aspects of the universe.⁴⁰

In Whitehead’s organic view, the *event* is the unit of things real. Like Space, Time has two characteristics: things are separated by Time, but they are also together in Time. Whitehead called these the *separative* and *prehensive* characters of Time. A thing endures through a certain period and through no other period (the modal character of Time).⁴¹ And “an instant of time, without duration, is an imaginative logical construction.”⁴²

II. THE EXPERIENCE OF TIME

Without answering, now, the question of whether we *recognize* Time in the universe or *impose* Time upon it as a mode of perception or cognition, let us turn to certain aspects of Time as we experience it. Let us consider the kinds of *Times* we experience (for there are several) and the variations in our experiencing them.

The Point vs. the Flow. In a painting by Maurice Prendergast,* the subject matter may be a scene with strolling figures “frozen” in their places. And yet, although the movement in which the figures are presumably engaged has been “stopped” by the artist, the impression we have is not one of interrupted movement but of timeless existence. The meaning of the figures for the artist and for us is out of time—literally, e-ternal.

In such a case, if we refer to the Time-character of the illustration as instantaneous, we refer really to the instant in the sense of eternity, as when Eliot, in *Murder in the Cathedral*, wrote:

In life there is not time to grieve long.
But this, this is out of life, this is out of time,
An instant eternity of evil and wrong.⁴³

In a picture by Glackens,† in contrast, we more commonly see the motion of the figures “stopped” by the artist, much as if a projectionist had stopped a film. A foot is raised, and we expect it to come down when a switch is thrown. Here again, the Time-character of the depiction is instantaneous, but we conceive the instant as an *instant of Time* which, captured, endures “forever.”

Such an instant, indeed, is captured on the Grecian Urn as described by Keats:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!⁴⁴

And Robert P. Tristram Coffin rendered this quite explicitly:

Stay time, poet! That is your duty,
Stop one instant still in beauty,
Seize the high wheels in their turning,
Hold them still.⁴⁵

* See Plate 39.

† See Plate 40.

This seizing of the instant occurs more rarely in the novel, but there are examples of it. Virginia Woolf provided this exquisite occasion:

Laying her brooch on the table, she had a sudden spasm, as if, while she mused, the icy claws had had the chance to fix in her. She was not old yet. She had just broken into her fifty-second year. Months and months of it were still untouched. June, July, August! Each still remained almost whole, and, as if to catch the falling drop, Clarissa (crossing to the dressing table) plunged into the very heart of the moment, transfixed it, there—the moment of the June morning on which was the pressure of all the other mornings, seeing the glass, the dressing table, and all the bottles afresh, collecting the whole of her at one point (as she looked into the glass), seeing the delicate pink face of the woman who was that very night to give a party; of Clarissa Dalloway; of herself.⁴⁶

And in *The Man Within*, Graham Greene:

The down all around him was empty and refreshingly safe, and though danger might be lurking in the world below, it was dwarfed by distance. Somewhere twelve miles away lay Lewes, but for a little he need have no care for that. He was perched high upon a safe instant of time, and he clung hard to that instant, drowning all thought in mere sensation, the sight of the country unrolled like a coloured map below him, the feel of warmth creeping from neck to spine.⁴⁷

In each of these passages the hero has the feeling, and the reader the image, of “stopping in the very fullness of the tick.”⁴⁸

This feeling, this kind of Time-experience, of course, does not occur only in art. A study of schizophrenic perception of Time cites experiments in which the perceptual Time set of “normal” persons was altered through hypnosis: “Stopping time, which is tantamount to stopping the present, produced catatonic-like stupor.”⁴⁹ A study of the Time worlds of drug users contrasts the heroin addict, who “uses ‘horse’ to gallop away from an unpleasant past, racing into a fantasized future,” with the “psychedelic,” who “seeks to slow down the future and compress it into NOW, rendering a present moment like an eternity. Compressing, clipping, and tele-

scoping the future, the peak to average value of the present moment is doubled many, many times.”⁵⁰

Another such study tells us:

The only common ground shared by an addictive group (the drug addicts) and the ‘psychedelics’ appeared to be the experience of ‘the eternal moment,’ that is, of a moment seeming to be an eternity. The addicts refer to this experience as ‘hanging’—a fairly rare and much prized experience with opiates—and the psychedelics mentioned it often as a rather common experience with both the major and minor psychedelic drugs.⁵¹

Similarly, in Yoga both bodily and mental activities are suppressed until the individual reaches a state of blissful, serene contemplation in which the flow of Time is suspended. In this, as in certain other beliefs and practices, the mind is regarded as “free” only when it dispenses with the continuity that characterizes normal experience.

In so-called “normal” life, apart from schizophrenia, drugs, trances and hypnosis, there are experiences of great sensual or emotional intensity—sexual ecstasy, for example—in which Time does not seem to pass. Correspondingly, in “The Psychotypology of Time,” in which the authors, using Jungian typology, pose four basic models of personality, “thinking man,” “feeling man,” “sensating man” and “intuitive man,” we are told that sensation types do not experience Time as flowing:

They have learned that it moves, they can read the clock—but their inner experience is not of a flowing of time. It is rather the experience of a present which is rich, full, deep, and always there. They are dragged from one moment to the next by their activity, not by a perception that time is marching on.⁵²

On the other hand, there can be little doubt that most of us ordinarily experience Time as a flow and not as an instant or series of instants; we perceive it as a ribbon rather than a string of beads. Although Time will sometimes stop for us, and one day will finally stop altogether for us, the effort to seize the moment, to stay the flow, is generally as fruitless as it was for Hans Castorp in Mann’s great Time-novel:

Hans Castorp, watching the second-hand, essayed to hold time by the tail, to cling to and prolong the passing moments. The little hand tripped on its way, unheeding the figures it reached, passed over, left behind, left far behind, approached, and came on to again. It had no feeling for time limits, divisions, or measurements of time. Should it not pause on the sixty, or give some small sign that this was the end of one thing and the beginning of the next? But the way it passed over the tiny intervening unmarked strokes showed that all the figures and divisions on its path were simply beneath it, that it moved on, and on, and on.⁵³

Our perception of the flow of Time, however, is neither simple nor single. There are, indeed, several “flows” of Time, and their forms are learned, culturally varied and, as we briefly noted above, subject to differences of personality type as well as the effects of illness, drugs and other influences.

Piaget’s work indicated that the notion of Time is not “an immediate datum of consciousness,” not an innate “form of the mind,” but that contemporary Western children go through distinct steps at various ages before they arrive at a conception of Time that embraces temporal succession, order, duration and velocity.⁵⁴

The Time-flow which we learn in Western culture typically has the form of a Time-line, extending from past to present to future. By and large, the modern industrial world runs on linear Time, and no other nation is as precise in its Time sense or so Time-conscious as the United States.⁵⁵

Other civilizations have lacked, or presently lack, such a Time system:

They recognize age alone, or like the Hopi, have expressions for earlier and later, but no word for time or verbs that indicate time. Then there is a tribe in Guinea that distinguishes only two times, a favorable time and an unfavorable, . . . and the Navaho, who can think only in the present.⁵⁶

The Time-line, which we picture straight as an arrow, can also be bent into circular or spiral Time. The clock itself with its round face and circular motion

was devised in a day when the prevailing idea was less linear than it is now. In most parts of the world the wheel is a better symbol of time than the line. The image is based on the sequence and repetition of activities, both social and natural. The days and nights come and go, the moon waxes and wanes, the tide ebbs and the seasons take their turn—seedtime, harvest, the falling leaf and thawing ice, the lambing of ewes. Everything lives, dies and is born.⁵⁷

Even for those of us who are accustomed to the arrow of the Western Time-line there is a difference as to our individual orientations along that line. Without delving into the Jungian typology above mentioned, suffice it to say that some are primarily past-oriented, some present-oriented, others future-oriented. Moreover, we perceive extreme fixations in one or another Time-phase as indicative of mental illness or disorder, and at least one writer has advanced a basic hypothesis that schizophrenic disturbance is temporally constructed.⁵⁸

Besides the basic cultural Time-conception, and apart from individual differences within the culture, in periods of crisis such as ours the future appears to be basically different from the past, the present seems to be merely a turning point between a past that is irretrievably lost and a future that is radically new, and the future throws its shadow over both the present and the past:⁵⁹

I am afraid of all that has happened, and of all that is to come:

Of the things to come that sit at the door, as if they had been there always.

And the past is about to happen, and the future was long since settled.

And the wings of the future darken the past, the beak and the claws have desecrated History.⁶⁰

The line of Time, moreover, is not a single spear, but a bundle of spears. We recognize, in other words, more than one Time-line. One of them is clock Time, which flows inexorably, uniformly, corresponding with the movements of celestial bodies. Another is biological Time, which includes not only the passage through childhood, puberty, adulthood and senescence, but also the "circadian" rhythms, involving

a daily flux of hormones, moods, strengths and weaknesses, with rises and falls of energy and libido,⁶¹ as well as the heartbeat, all of which provide internal stimuli to Time-consciousness.

Experienced Time, of course, departs from both clock Time and biological Time, so that some minutes seem to last forever, while periods which are long by clock or calendar seem to fly by. More accurately, in experienced Time “equal” periods of clock Time *do* have different durations:

We say of time that it passes. Very good, let it pass [says Hans Castorp]. But to be able to measure it—wait a minute: to be susceptible of being measured, time must flow evenly but who ever said it did that? As far as our consciousness is concerned it doesn't, we only assume that it does, for the sake of convenience; and our units of measurement are purely arbitrary, sheer conventions.⁶²

This quotation from *The Magic Mountain* is especially appropriate, for the novel is the art form which most typically deals with human experience in and of Time. Thus:

A consciousness of the infinite, inexorable power of time is indeed so much a piece of the standard equipment of the novelist that it could almost be used to define the genre he practices.⁶³

Another critic states that:

The novelist's concern with time is a natural outgrowth of the modern subject, a conscious awareness of the separateness and togetherness of events that gives density and meaning to the pattern of experience. It is safe to say that the most interesting developments in the technique of the modern novel are those relating to the problem of time.⁶⁴

While the technique and form of the novel involve various Time elements and devices (the period in which the story is set, duration of the action, tense of the narration, pace of the novel, foreshortening and extension, and so on), our interest here is in the novel's elucidation of experienced Time.

Of the several classes of novels, defined in terms of their Time treatment, one has been identified as the “erosion”

novel, in which "the characters tend to be passive victims who change and evolve according to the will of time and who can be less properly said to act than to undergo; the real agent, the active force, in these novels, is time itself."⁶⁵ This use of Time becomes clear in the following passage from Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction*:

If I looked for the most beautiful illustration in all fiction of a woman at the mercy of time, exposed to the action of the years, now facing it with what she is, presently betraying and recording it with what she becomes, I should surely find it in *Anna Karenina*. Various and exquisite as she is, her whole nature is sensitive to the imprint of time, and the way in which time invades her, steals through her, finally lays her low, Tolstoy tracks and renders from end to end. And in *War and Peace* his hand is not less delicate and firm. The progress of time is never broken; inexorably it does what it must, carrying an enthusiastic young student forward into a slatternly philosopher of middle life, linking an overblown matron with the memory of a girl dancing into a crowded room. The years move on and on, there is no missing the sense of their flow.⁶⁶

Another class of novel, according to Time presentation, is that in which Time is not in absolute control. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, for example, Robert Jordan has four days in which to work out his destiny. At the end of this time there will be a definite and irrevocable conclusion. "Time is not an agent in this case, working its will in a character; and the significant factor is not what time does but what a man does in the time allowed him."⁶⁷

In this type of novel, typically, the reader's attention is focused on the actual moment of the story, almost at the point at which the future joins the present. The past is only significant for the meaning it adds to the present action. Time is weakened, spun along to heighten the human drama. *The Man Within* provides a striking example:

Time was here in the cottage. Clocks ticked and hands went round as everywhere else in the world. He had a sense of time rushing past him, rushing like a Gadarene swine to destruction. Time squeaked at him as it passed at an increasing pace down a steep slope. Poets had told him over and

over again that life was short. Now for the first time he knew it as a vital fact. He longed for peace and beauty, and the minutes were flying by, and he was still a fugitive, with mind muddled, obscured by fear of death.⁶⁸

A third class of novel is that which essays, in one degree or another, to present escape from Time, to examine the life of man at the point where it is free of the flow of Time. In a sense, the use of the "captured" instant, discussed earlier in this section, is a technique of this genre, but the principal objects of our interest here are the two great Time-novels, *The Magic Mountain* and *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Time is the central problem and the subject of *The Magic Mountain*. In this novel young Hans Castorp goes to stay at a sanatorium on a mountain. Upon his arrival he is told that on the mountain they make pretty free with a human being's idea of Time. Long days there, Mann tells us, are those which are

the longest, objectively speaking, and with reference to the hours of daylight they contained; since their astronomical length could not affect the swift passage of them, either taken singly or in their monotonous general flow.⁶⁹

We learn, moreover, that on the mountain there is a confusion of the winter and summer seasons, a confusion which robs the year of its articulation and which plays havoc with emotional conceptions, or states of consciousness, such as "still" and "again." There are no proper seasons on the mountain, and, moreover, "what we spend up here isn't time at all, and the new winter, when it comes, isn't new, but the same old winter all the time."⁷⁰ Just as when one walks "by the ocean of time," "motion is no motion more, where uniformity rules; and where motion is no more motion, time is no longer time."⁷¹

Time is no longer Time! Life on the "magic" mountain is free from the ordinary rules of the passage of Time. Toward the end of his stay Hans Castorp says, "I have been up here a long time, . . . years. How long I hardly know myself, but it has been years of my life."⁷² And in the last chapter Mann says of Hans Castorp:

He no longer carried a time-piece. His watch had fallen from his night-table; it did not go, and he had neglected to have it regulated, perhaps on the same grounds as had long since made him give up using a calendar, whether to keep track of the day, or to look out on an approaching feast: the grounds, namely, of his 'freedom.' Thus he did honor to his abiding-everlasting, his walk by the ocean of time, the hermetic enchantment to which he had proved so extraordinarily susceptible that it had become the fundamental adventure of his life, in which all the alchemical processes of his simple substance had found full play.⁷³

And at the very end Mann writes: "Farewell, honest Hans Castorp, farewell Life's delicate child! Your tale is told. We have told it to the end, and it was neither short nor long, but hermetic."⁷⁴

The way in which Proust dealt with Time in *Remembrance of Things Past* has been called his most distinctive contribution to literature. Joseph Wood Krutch, in his Introduction to the *Remembrance*, states that "every presentation of material is dominated by the author's obsession with Time and the need of the artist to escape from its tyranny."⁷⁵

Proust was poignantly aware of the changes wrought by Time in the lives of his friends, both in their physical bodies and in their characters. He knew that it was only a convention to speak of any one of them as if he had maintained some stable identity while time flowed past.⁷⁶ To reveal this transformation by means of wrinkles, white hair, stooped shoulders, fat paunches and shrivelled bodies⁷⁷ was part of Proust's purpose, because the full horror of Time had to be revealed in order to reap the full measure of the aesthetic experience to be derived through the escape from it.⁷⁸

To accomplish his purpose, Proust developed a special kind of memory: a vision of the eternity in which even the most completely forgotten experience has already taken its place.⁷⁹ By thus perceiving the passing events of Time "as part of a static eternity in which the end is simultaneous with the beginning, he achieves that indifference which is not the indifference of the insensitive but the indifference of the gods."⁸⁰ How is this accomplished?

Externally the method is one in which the normal chronological order of narrative is often subordinated to a quasi-

musical arrangement of material by means of which similar or antithetical persons, situations and moods are rhythmically balanced against one another so as to create a pattern which does not depend upon the order of time but upon the sense of recurrence. . . . The past must be recovered; but that is not all. It must be made permanent, and it can become that only when grasped by the imagination in such a way that every moment implies the past and the future because its true significance lies in its being part of a pattern extending from the past into the future. Living experience cannot be fully significant because it is isolated and transitory; it becomes significant only when it is contemplated in connection with those parts of the pattern which Time separated but which really belong together.⁸¹

Thus for Proust Time flows through us, but it builds our interior palaces as it breaks down our physical structure. Art transcends Time through a *significant* recapture of the past.

Significant Time is a form of experienced Time (in life as in art) in which the Time-line is bent and molded to the heart's desire. Events or recollections are selected for their interest and arranged in the order which suits their meaning rather than in the order which a calendar would provide.

Significant Time appears also to characterize the unconscious mind. Freud wrote:

There is nothing in the Id that corresponds to the idea of time; there is no recognition of the passage of time, and—a thing that is most remarkable and awaits consideration in philosophical thought—no alteration in its mental processes produced by the passage of time. Wishful impulses which have never passed beyond the Id, but impressions too, which have been sunk into the Id by repression, are virtually immortal; after the passage of decades they behave as if they had just occurred.⁸²

Past, Present and Future.

In this moment I am not suffering at all. What does it matter to me what I suffered two hours ago, or what I shall suffer tomorrow? What I have suffered exists no longer, what I shall suffer has not yet appeared, and I am alarmed, I am tormented, I am done in by these two nothingnesses!⁸³
—[Benjamin Constant]

But what is the voice of the present? Nothing. The present is only a point, and the voice we hear is always that of the future or that of the past.⁸⁴—[Diderot]

Closely allied to the issue of the point versus the flow of Time is the question of the relationship between, and indeed the “existence” of, past, present and future. If we experience the flow of Time as a Time-line (or bundle of Time-lines), past, present and future are its presumptive components.

The difference between past and future can perhaps be approached in this way: in the section on Time and Space we noted, among other things, that when we look outward into Space we also look backward into Time. We observe Pluto, for example, as it was five hours ago. The corollary of this proposition is that an observer on Pluto, if Pluto is still there, would observe us as we were five hours ago. To such an observer, the writing of this particular paragraph would lie in the future, five hours away. The ensuing paragraph would also lie in the future, a little further away. And yet this paragraph has been written, the next paragraph has not.

While the above suggests the interdependency of future and past, and therefore, by implication, present, it does not define the nature of the relationship between them. For this we might consider the components of Time as if they were a do-mi-sol sequence of notes of a scale and see what differing significance attends their configuration according to whether they exist at one point in Time or occupy a segment of the flow of Time (exist on a Time-line).

In order to develop this analogy, we should perhaps first recall a statement made earlier in this essay, *viz.*, that Time belongs to the category of things we know as the specific manifestation of dimension—that is, it is one of the series which also includes depth, breadth and height. In this sense, what all these dimensions essentially consist in are concrete, or measurable, reflections of the abstract notion of dimension itself, a notion primarily indicative of the fact that what we perceive of the outside world occurs within boundaries or is contained (*i.e.*, dimensional). This fact of

“containedness,” correspondingly, can only be demonstrated by the evidence of its effects—in short, by our awareness of the specific configurations material apprehended assumes.

Perception of the incidence of height, breadth and depth is, of course, fundamentally spontaneous, while that of Time self-evidently is not. Nevertheless, we cannot but suppose that in the course of evolution the human mind has so developed that it can project, out of the flow of energy, a Time-axis in which selections from the current phenomena of perception and memory can be molded into a series of images. Since perception is not random, but purposive, governed by interest, the selected sensation or idea is retained and continually repeated until the desired event has materialized or been abandoned or superseded; in any event, we are able, ultimately, to grasp the material of the senses in terms of Time’s containership as readily as of that of the other three dimensions.

To return to our do-mi-sol analogy, allowing the notes to represent past, present and future, respectively, let us suppose, first, that they are sounded simultaneously as a chord, without extension—existing, as it were, on a single point in Time, thus, lacking dimension. In this presentation, their significance lies solely in the fact of *being*, nothing more; indeed, if we were to view them with the fullest generosity, the only possible value we could grant them, apart from that stemming from our recognizing their present impact, would be their potential for acquiring a perceivable configuration, *i.e.*, for being realized by belonging to a “container.”

If, on the other hand, we assign the same notes a place in Time by playing one after another, then by virtue of the fact of extension they attain the identity—as, for example, of a melody—of their very sequentiality: that is to say, they acquire a positive configuration of a specific version of the boundary of Time in exactly the same sense that a given tree acquires a positive configuration of a specific version of the boundary of height.

Still, however, with the dimension of Time there is the unique aspect of the three separate elements of past, present and future, and these have yet to be accounted for in terms of their interrelatedness. From our analogy we have a clue

to the solution: as each sound proceeds through the sequence of "to be," "is" and "has been," it acquires and retains a standing in the configuration, for it cannot but affect those sounds that preceded it and those that follow it, and it will continue to do so for as long as the matter used provides a basis for continuity. And as of the "contents," so of the "container": past, present and future are, likewise, mere elements of the one-piece configuration of whatever is measurable in the specific dimension of Time, as the various stages of upward progress, such as we might find in a tree, are mere elements of the one-piece configuration of whatever is measurable in the specific dimension of height.

III. TOWARD A DEFINITION OF TIME

It should be clear from what has gone before that a Time definition will not be satisfactory unless it meets certain minimum requirements, which I perceive to be these:

(1) It must resolve the issue of the point versus the flow of Time. In doing so, it should clarify the "existence" and the positions of past, of present and of future.

(2) Similarly, our definition should deal with the objective-subjective question, that is, the question of whether Time exists in the "real" world or is only a "form" of the mind or mode of perception.

(3) Insofar as possible, our definition should embrace and reconcile scientific "knowledge" of Time as well as the valid Time-insights of philosophy, psychology and the arts, with our ordinary human experience of Time in all its variations.

As there is no way to approach the understanding of Time and the clarification of the issues summarized above without reference to the concepts of "energy" and the "mind"—neither of which has ever been satisfactorily defined—we are in the position of "proving" one unknown by at least two others. Nevertheless, as ignorance of the nature of energy did not prevent the splitting of the atom or the destruction of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, and ignorance of the nature of the mind has not prevented lobotomies or brainwashing, we ought not to be deterred thereby in our more quiet quest for

a better understanding of Time. To put this another way, it is possible to ride a horse without being able to define one.

Let us proceed, then, to a series of statements which together will constitute our Time-theory:

There are basically two theories of the origin of the universe,⁸⁶ the "steady state" and "big bang" theories. In 1929 Dr. Edwin Hubble demonstrated that the galaxies in the heavens are all moving away from each other. The Big Bangers take this to mean that the universe was once a single, incredibly hot, dense "primeval atom" that exploded and sent all matter rushing outward. One branch of the Big Bangers holds that the galaxies will continue flying outward forever. The other branch speculates that mutual gravitational attraction will ultimately cause them to slow down, stop and fall back together. In the latter view the universe explodes, flies apart, falls back together, heats up and explodes, over and over again.

The Steady Staters agree that the galaxies are rushing apart but contend that matter is being continually created, an atom at a time, in Space. We understand that recent evidence favors a closed system originating in a Big Bang ten to thirteen billion years ago.

To bang out a universe is a lot of work. "Work" is commonly defined as a measure of the amount of energy that has been converted to produce the force to move an object. And what is "energy"? "Energy"—ask any physics text—is *the capacity to do work*. Interesting, *n'est ce pas?*

To define energy as the capacity to do work is like defining a tadpole as the capacity to be a frog. This is all the physicists offer, and it is apparently sufficient to solve their problems. As Bertrand Russell explained: "Physics is mathematical not because we know so much about the physical world, but because we know so little; it is only its mathematical properties that we can discover."⁸⁷

Energy, in any event, when the Big Bang occurred, gave *direction* to the universe, namely, outward. Stated differently, the Big Bang threw a ripple or bent into free floating energy. The perseveration of this bent or ripple is called *inertia*. The effects of it are *Motion* and *Change*.

Among the Big Bang theorists, as noted above, scientists

differ as to whether the expansion of the universe will simply continue or will alternate with periods of contraction, but the former view conceives that

the substance and energy of the universe are inexorably diffusing like vapor through the insatiable void. The sun is slowly but surely burning out, the stars are dying embers, and everywhere in the cosmos heat is turning to cold, matter is dissolving into radiation, and energy is being dissipated into empty space.⁸⁸

Thus, after billions of years:

all the processes of nature will cease. All space will be at the same temperature. No energy can be used because all of it will be uniformly distributed through the cosmos. There will be no light, no life, no warmth—nothing but perpetual and irrevocable stagnation. Time itself will come to an end.⁸⁹

This “tiring” or dissipation of energy is called *entropy*.

While energy has a bent or ripple—moving the universe outward—as a wave moves toward the shore, the universe would, simply and without pause, fly apart unless there were a counter-force, that is, if energy had only one direction. The gradualness of entropy, then, is evidence that energy does not move in only one direction. In fact, in the material universe there are frictional forces, chemical forces which hold atoms together in molecules, cohesive forces which bind larger particles of matter, elastic forces which cause bodies to maintain their shapes—all of electromagnetic origin—as well as gravitation, so that the universe does not simply fly apart.

If one stands in the surf on any beach and watches the waves move toward the shore, one observes water flowing back into the sea *at the same time*. This simultaneous thrust and counter-thrust characterizes the condition of energy as well.

A further analogy to the effect we are describing may be found in a work of art, especially in a painting. The painter uses plastic means to carry the eye over the canvas. If some elements of his painting should move too quickly or too powerfully in a particular direction without opposing ele-

ments to check them, the eye would move right out of the picture.

Our view of energy as having a primary bent, direction or ripple, but moving simultaneously in the opposite direction (or directions), thus slowing the ultimate diffusion and entropy, is verified on the nuclear level by a recent discovery. A particle has been found, called the eta meson, which is a short-lived fragment of matter produced during high energy collisions between nuclear particles. In such collisions the meson breaks down into other particles. About one third of the time it produces three pi mesons, which are plus, minus and neuter in electrical charge. Since the parent body, the eta, is neutral in all respects, it should produce plus and minus pi mesons of equal energy. However, the plus ones on the average are more energetic than the minus ones, a lopsidedness which corresponds with our view of energy as rippled or "thrown" but not unidirectional.

We have, following the Big Bang, spoken thus far of energy shooting the universe outward, as if matter were simply lumps of universe on which energy acts. We now know, however, that matter is also energy, albeit in a jelled or frozen state.

Einstein showed that mass and energy are equivalent: the property called mass is simply concentrated energy. In other words matter is energy and energy is matter, and the distinction is simply one of temporary state. . . . If matter sheds its mass and travels with the speed of light we call it radiation or energy. And conversely if energy congeals and becomes inert and we can ascertain its mass we call it matter.⁹⁰

Indeed, if we had "nuclear" vision, the visible solid world would disintegrate before our eyes into nuclear particles, active in an infinite variety of organization and disorganization.

A thing or function involving both matter and energy is that which we call the mind. While the concept of "Mind" has for certain psychologies presented no difficulties whatsoever, and some view it as divided into "conscious" and "unconscious," others have questioned whether there is

some free-floating thing called "Mind" which is not precisely to be found in the brain and related parts of the nervous system, and, if so, where it is to be found.

The concept of "Mind" involves necessarily both the brain and its activity. It includes, therefore, both matter (or "jelled" energy) and energy—*i.e.*, both congealed and kinetic energy—in a single process.

Essentially, Mind is distinguished from other matter and from other energy in this aspect: *Mind is energy conscious of itself.*

This conception of Mind has two aspects. First, unlike a chair or the wind, the mind perceives, has awareness of, energy outside itself. Second, it perceives itself as perceiving, is aware of its awareness, which is to be *self-conscious*. Thus, Mind is energy aware of itself; moreover, it is energy aware of itself *as Mind*. "I think, therefore, I am," said Descartes.

This consciousness of self [wrote Rollo May], this capacity to see one's self as though from the outside, is the distinctive characteristic of man.

But actually man's consciousness of himself is the source of his highest qualities. It underlies his ability to distinguish between "I" and the world—*It gives him the capacity to keep time*, which is simply the ability to stand outside the present and imagine oneself back in yesterday or ahead in the day after tomorrow.⁹¹ [Emphasis mine.]

But how does "Mind," as energy conscious of itself, give man "the capacity to keep Time"?

Energy is both plastic (working Motion and Change) and mathematical (operating according to ascertainable laws) at the same time. Energy, in its awareness of itself (as Mind), is intrinsically aware of both elements. It is this awareness that it translates into the organization called Time, that is, into Time-lines for clock Time and the various forms of experienced Time.

Motion and Change involve various gradations of end-seeking, from tropisms, through various chemical and physical attractions, through instinct, to Mind. Mind alone includes the willful setting and pursuit of goals.

This goal-involvement, indeed all intelligent activity, re-

quires the ordering of experiences for perception and contemplation.

In the visual world, involving as it does objects conceived primarily in Space, we are now aware that we "interpret" our sense-impressions in order to find meaning in them, particularly to reconcile with the visual data the evidence provided by the sense of touch and the other physical means of apprehension. The "flat" image on the retina of the eye is projected into three dimensions. Moreover, not all impressions are treated equally for purposes of perception; a selection is made. As described by Dr. Barnes:

At any moment, the sum total of our actual sensations is a chaos: we are besieged by a medley of sights, sounds, feelings of warmth or coolness, of bodily comfort or discomfort, by far the greater part of which have no connection with one another, and which could not possibly enter into any single experience. To be conscious of anything in particular, to retain our sanity, we must disregard nearly all of them, fixing our attention upon those which fit into some intelligible scheme or picture. . . . The expression "to use our senses" is an indication that seeing or hearing is an active process, not a mere registration of impressions.⁹²

However, our need as intelligent beings is not merely to "picture" three-dimensional items in three-dimensional space. We need to perceive them in all four dimensions, including Time, as they participate in "events." We perceive "events" in Space-Time by allocating to our sense perceptions a Time-line (or Time-lines) running from past to future as an organizing principle for our inferences of Motion and Change. Depending on the culture in which we live, the Time-lines may be strictly linear or may be bent into spiral or cyclical Time. Impairment of any part or parts of the Time-line, through illness, drugs, hypnosis or other cause, results in corresponding impairment or deviation from "normal" cognition and behavior.

Does Time, then, exist in the real world or is it only a mode of perception? Outside of the mind Time cannot be conceived. On the other hand, but for the direction or disturbance of energy, of which Mind as energy becomes conscious, there would be no basis for the mind's projection of the

Time-line. In short, Time is the mind's projection of past, present and future based on the instability of energy, and constitutes the fourth dimension of the Space-Time continuum in which the universe exists. If, as Whitehead said, an instant of time without duration is an imaginative logical construction, so also is the flow of time with duration.

Just as the flat image on the retina is interpreted so that we "see" in perspective, the mind learns to interpret selections from its "present" content of memories and anticipations as having past and future extent, which the mind requires—

because the ledge of now,
the present time,
on which we stand,
is wire-thin.

The future is inferred from the past. The past is inferred from the present record of things not present. Selections from the present are continually re-created to constitute the "past" and foreshadow the "future" and thus to deliver stability from the flux, permitting us to experience an "event."

To recapitulate:

Energy, with its instability, is independent of our awareness or consciousness. Time as such is brought into existence when consciousness of instability forms it into a perception of a flow in which events "take place." Mind, which fashions the flow, taking cues from innate and biological experience and from cultural models, can also distort the flow, reverse it or even seize an instant out of Time. Thus Time permits an ordered perception of the churning universe. It permits the attribution of meaning to that perception. And, finally, it permits the contemplation of the meaning of meaning. "Only through time time is conquered."

Notes

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3. The reference is to "The Two Cultures and The Scientific Revolution" (1959) and "The Two Cultures: A Second Look" (1970) in C. P. Snow, *Public Affairs*, (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971), pp. 13, 47, esp. p. 23.
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5. Koestler, *op. cit.*, p. 150.
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7. *Ibid.*, p. 186.
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12. *Ibid.*, Chapter III.
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14. Eliot, T. S., *The Cocktail Party*, (New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1950), pp. 71-72.
15. Quoted in "Samuel Becket: The Search for the Self," Chapter I, by Esslin, Martin, *The Theatre of the Absurd*, (Garden City, New York, Anchor Books, Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1961), p. 17.
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20. *Ibid.*, pp. 148-150.
21. Mann, *op. cit.*, p. 463.
22. *Abrams v. U.S.*, 250 U.S. 616 (1919).
23. *Dennis v. U.S.*, 341 U.S. 494 (1951).
24. Callahan, *op. cit.*, Ch. I.
25. Barnett, Lincoln, *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, (New York, The New American Library, 1952), pp. 21, 51.
26. This is known as the "relativity of simultaneity": unless we are told the body to which a statement of time refers, there is no meaning to the statement of the time of an event. (Barnett, *op. cit.*, pp. 57, 58.)
27. Newell, Stephens, "Chemical Modifiers of Time Perception," Chapter II of Yaker, Osmond and Cheek, ed., *The Future of Time*, (Garden City, New York, Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1971), p. 353; also Barnett, *op. cit.*, pp. 61-62.
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29. Clemence, G. M., "Time and Its Measurement," *American Scientist*, XL (1952), p. 260.
30. Barnett, *op. cit.*, p. 75.
31. Clemence, *op. cit.*, p. 260.
32. Barnett, *op. cit.*, pp. 76, 77.
33. Callahan, *op. cit.*, Chapter IV.
34. Heidbreder, *op. cit.*, p. 49.
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36. Russell, *op. cit.*, p. 755.
37. *Ibid.*, p. 735.
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51. Newell, Stephens, "Chemical Modifiers of Time Perception," in Yaker *et al.*, *op. cit.*, p. 375.
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53. Mann, *op. cit.*, p. 545.
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55. de Grazia, Sebastian, "Time and Work," in Yaker *et al.*, *op. cit.*, p. 458.
56. *Ibid.*, p. 468.
57. *Ibid.*, p. 467.
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60. Eliot, T. S., *The Family Reunion*, (New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1947), p. 67.
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62. Mann, *op. cit.*, p. 66.
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66. Lubbock, Percy, *The Craft of Fiction*, (New York, J. Cape, 1931), pp. 49, 50.
67. Frohock, *op. cit.*, pp. 7, 8.
68. Greene, *op. cit.*, p. 23.
69. Mann, *op. cit.*, p. 367.
70. *Ibid.*, p. 415.
71. *Ibid.*, p. 547.
72. *Ibid.*, p. 610.
73. *Ibid.*, p. 708.
74. *Ibid.*, p. 715.
75. Krutch, Joseph Wood, Introduction to Proust, Marcel, *Remembrance of Things Past*, (New York, Random House, 1934), p. x.
76. Hogan, John A., "The Past Recaptured: Marcel Proust's Aesthetic Theory," *Ethics*, XLIX (1939), p. 198; also Krutch, *op. cit.*, pp. x, xi.
77. Hogan, *op. cit.*, p. 198.
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80. *Idem.*
81. *Ibid.*, p. x.
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86. Summarized from Gilmore, C. P., "The Birth and Life of the Universe," *The New York Times Magazine*, June 12, 1966, p. 26 ff.
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89. *Ibid.*, p. 111.
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Francis McCarthy

Negro Figure
Private Collection



Francis McCarthy

Negro Figure
(Altered Photograph—see footnote, page 16)
Private Collection





Edward Maher

Nude
Private Collection

PLATE 5



Coleman Homsey

Doli and Ellen
Private Collection



Bellini

Madonna of the Little Trees
(The Academy, Venice)



Matisse

Woman in Red Madras Headdress



Renoir

Washerwoman and Baby



Cézanne

Woman [Madame Cézanne] with Green Hat



Cézanne

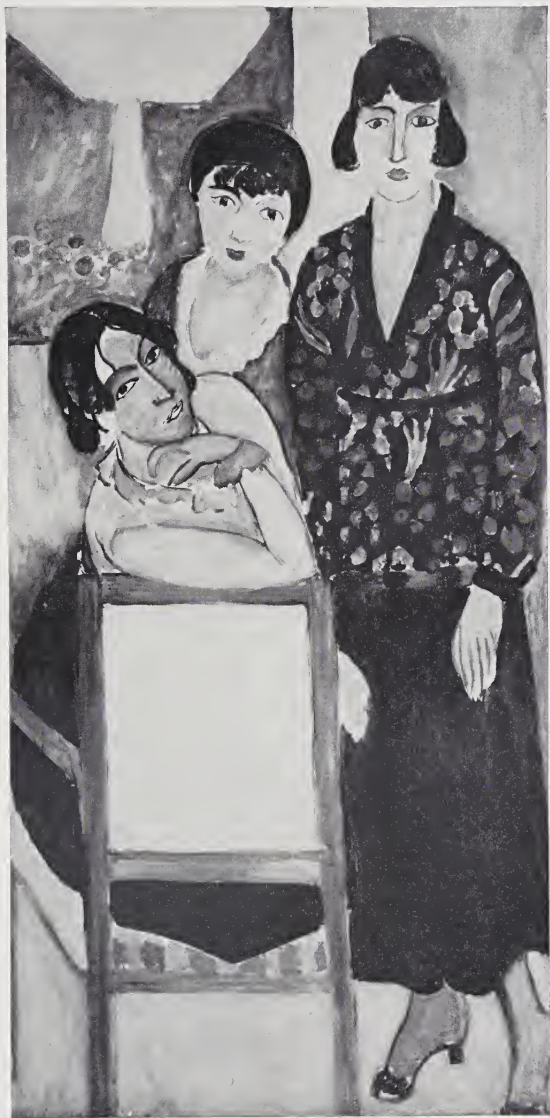
Woman [Madame Cézanne] with Shawl



Matisse

FOLD-OUT





Three Sisters
(Triptych)

PLATE 12

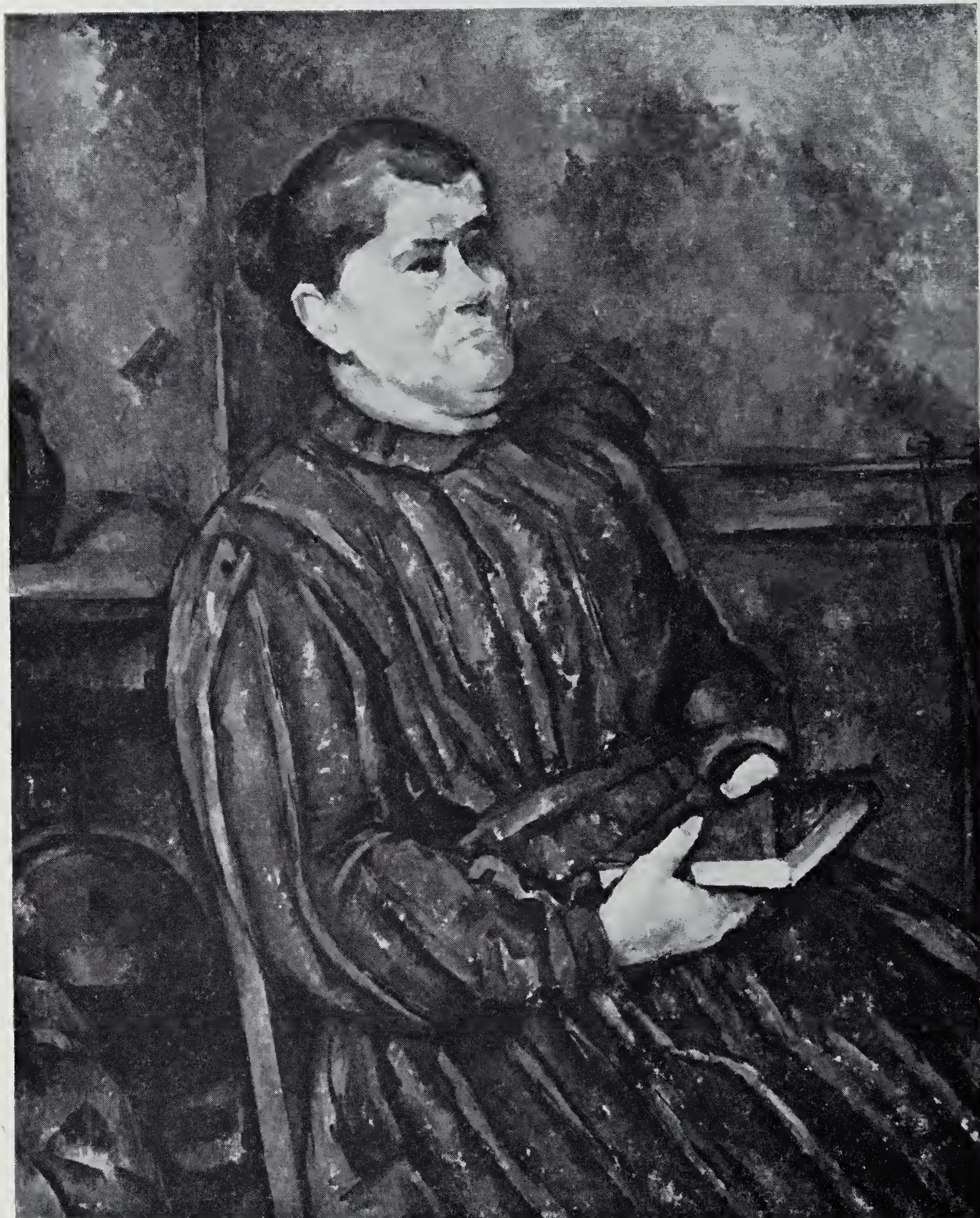


The design in these two paintings is very similar, showing irrelevancy of subject-matter to plastic value.

Above: Titian *Entombment* (Louvre)

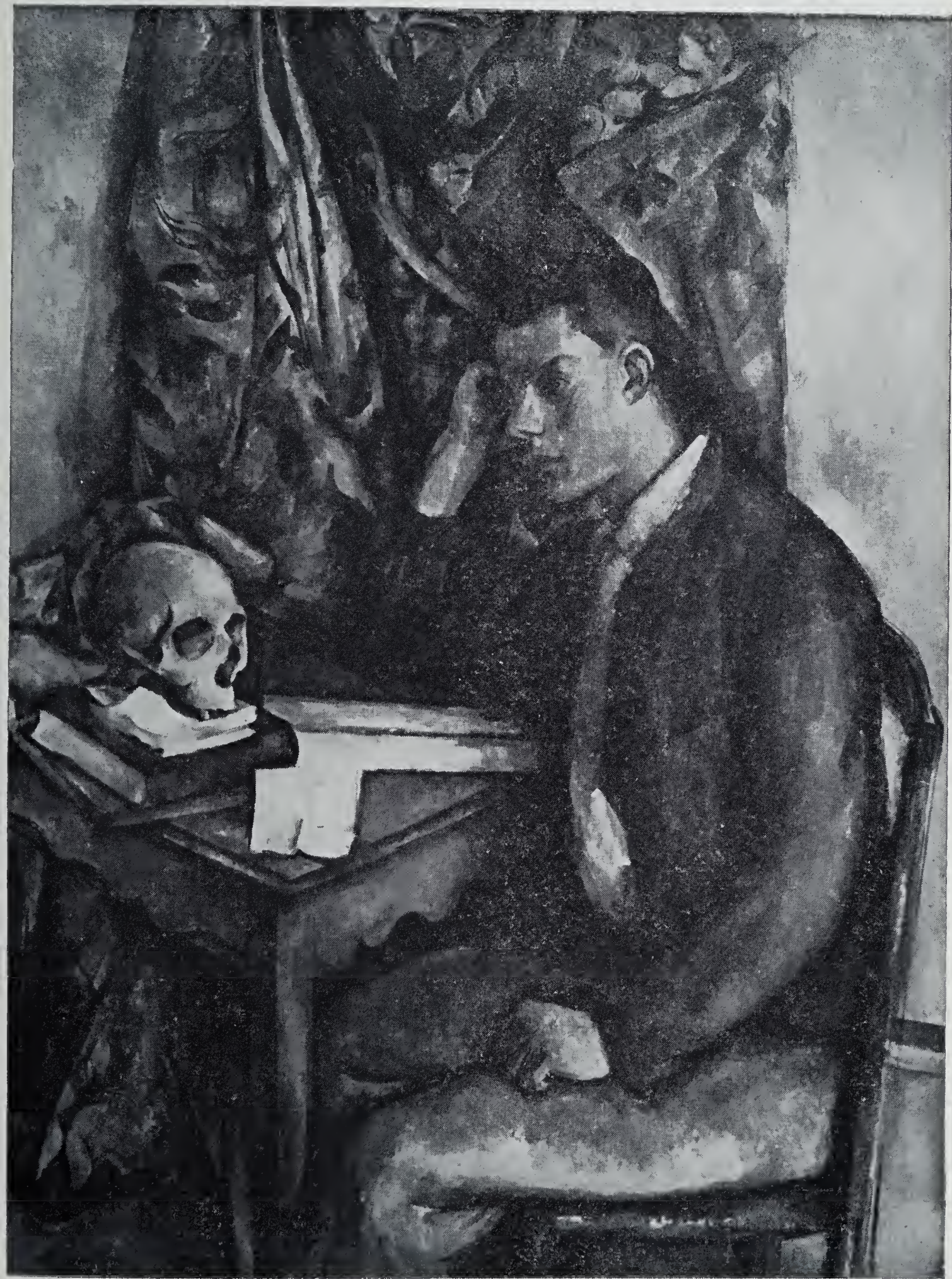
Below: Cézanne *Still Life with Gray Jug* (From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney.)

From page 81, A. C. Barnes, *The Art in Painting*, Harcourt, Brace and Company, (New York), 1925.



Cézanne

Provençal Peasant





Modigliani

Girl in Sunday Clothes



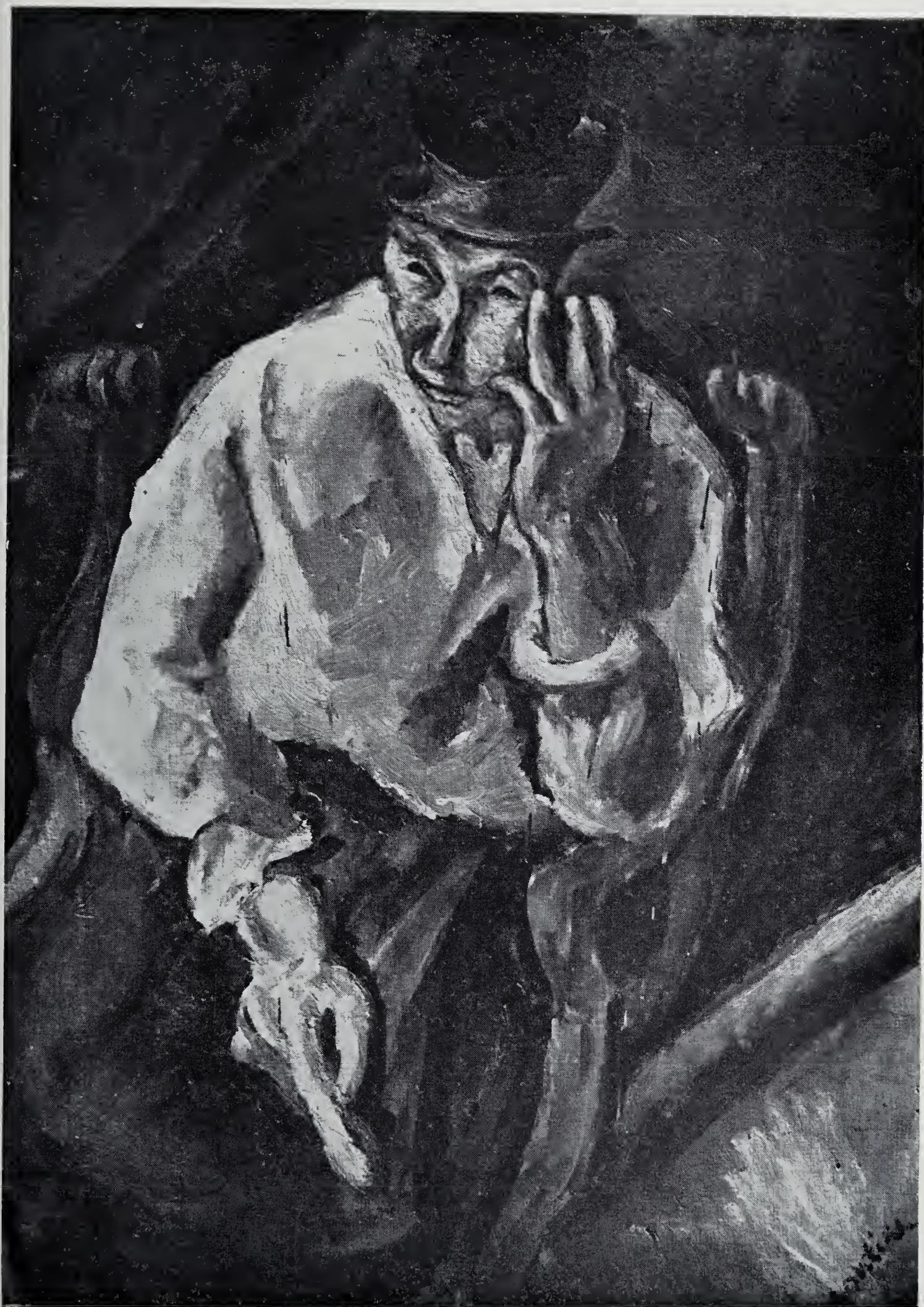
Modigliani

Haricot Rouge



Soutine

Baker Boy





Modigliani

Jolie Ménagère

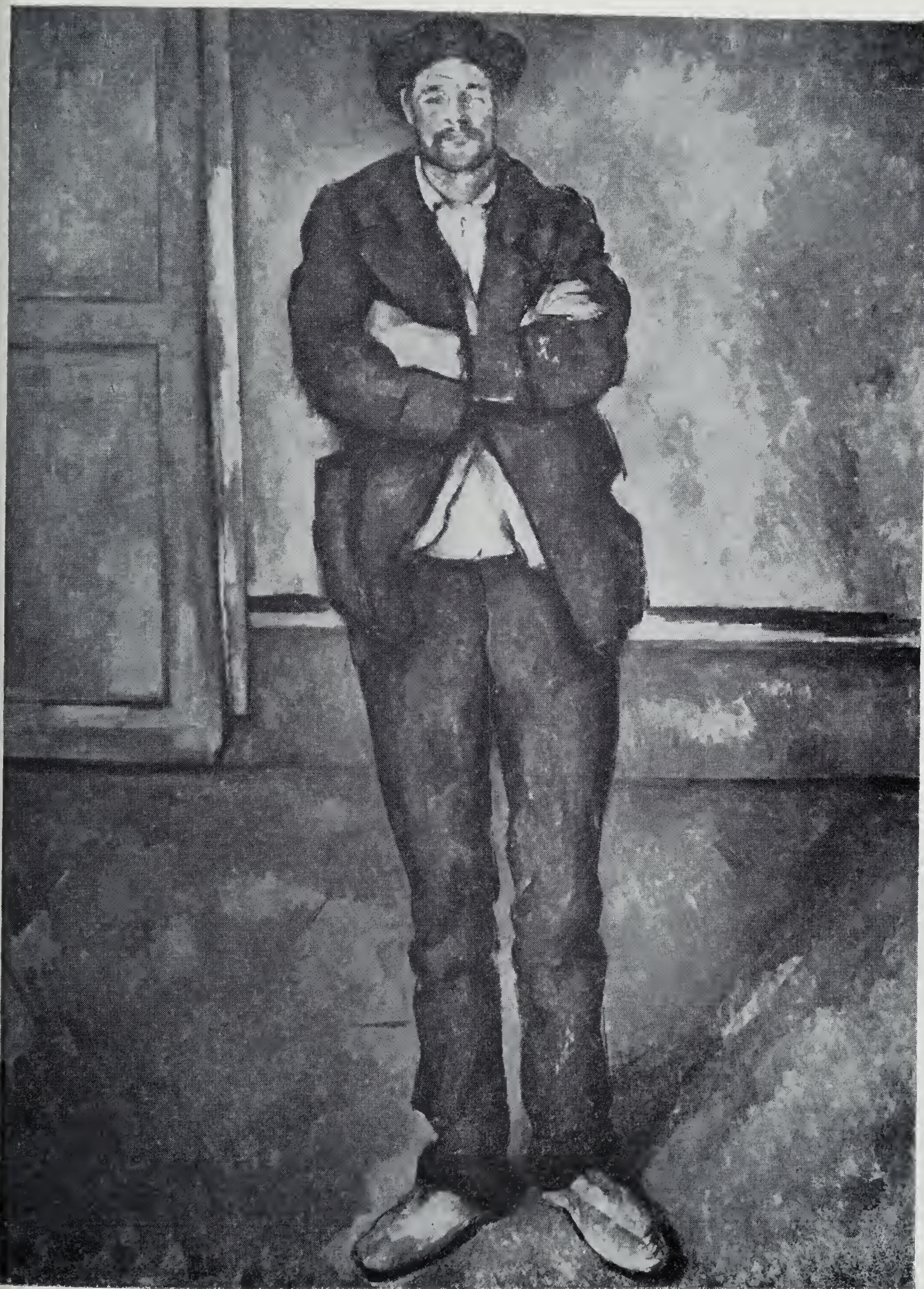


PLATE 21



Renoir

Torso



Renoir

Bather [Gabrielle] Drying Herself



Renoir

Woman with Black Hair



Renoir

Girl with Glove



Matisse

Music Lesson



Renoir

Mother and Child

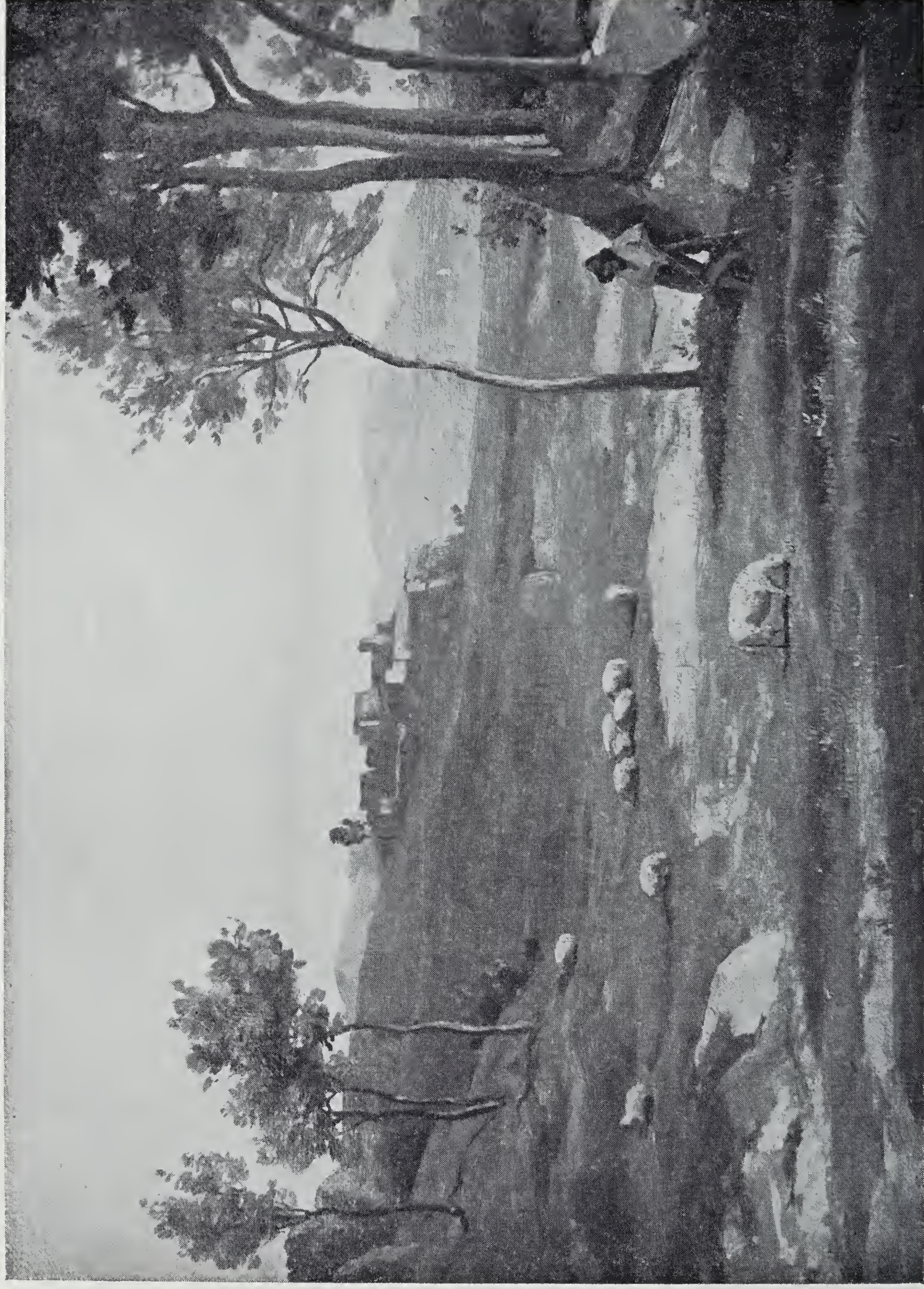
FOLD-OUT





Cézanne

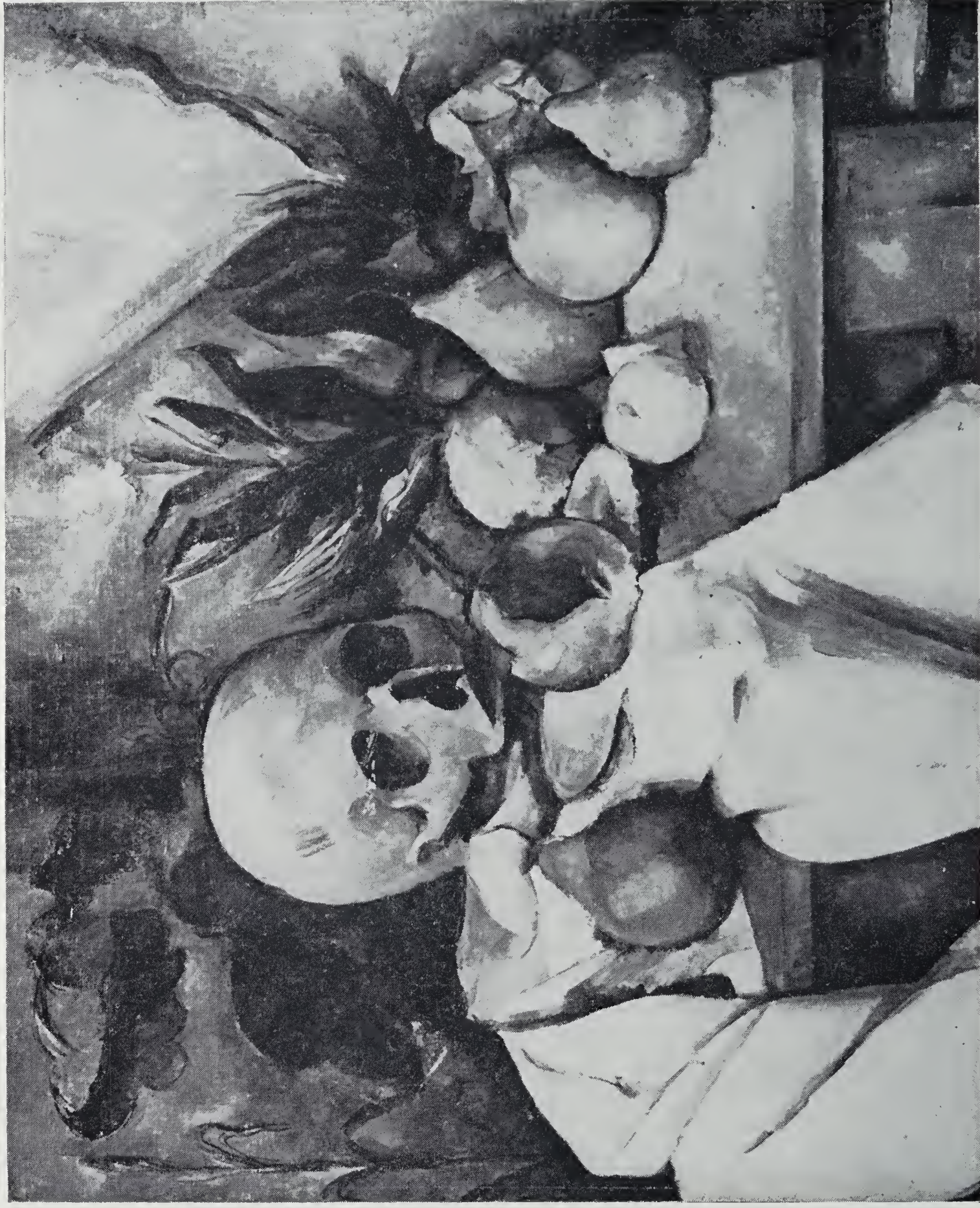
Bibémus Quarry [Château Noir]





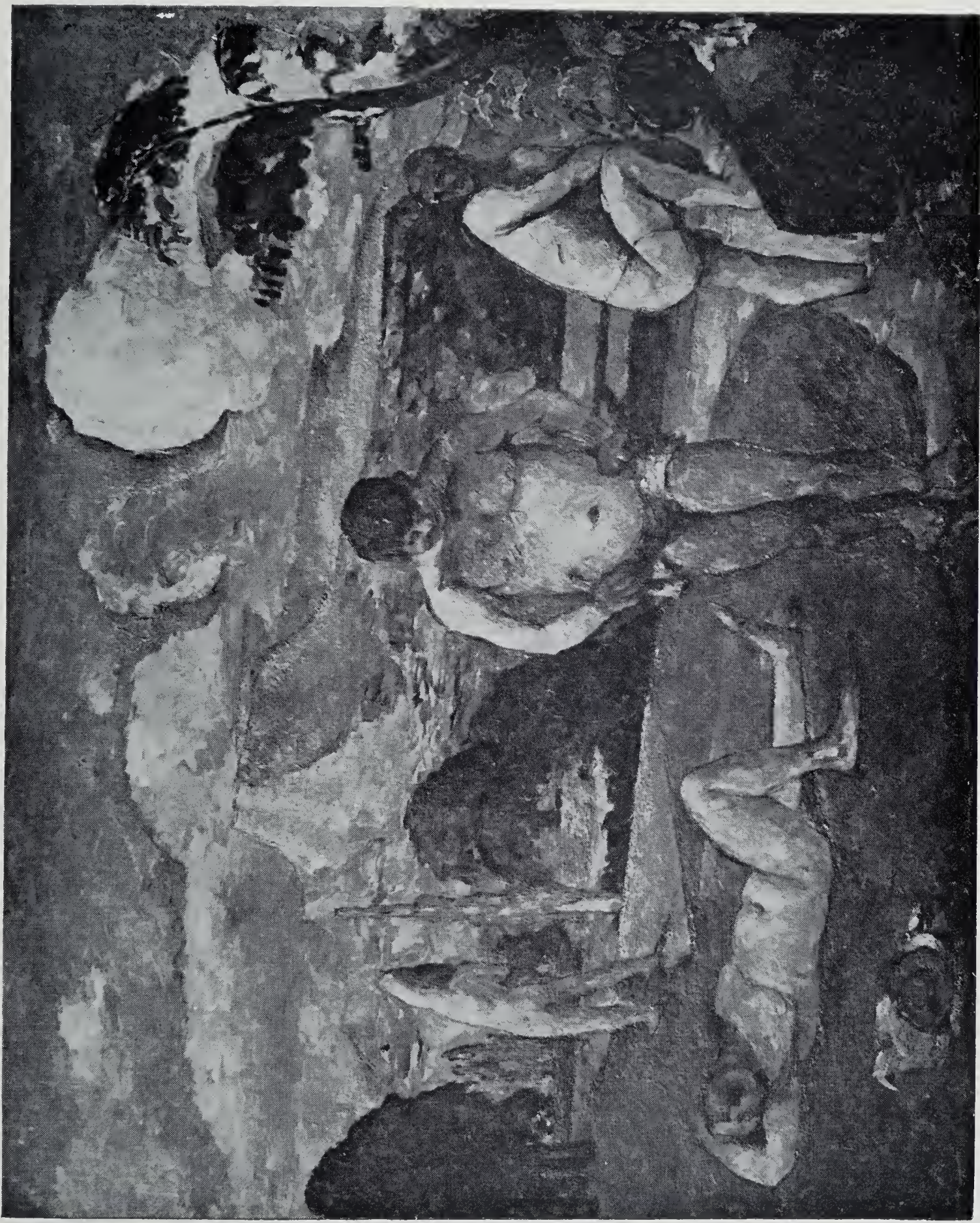
People in Sunday Clothes

Henri Rousseau

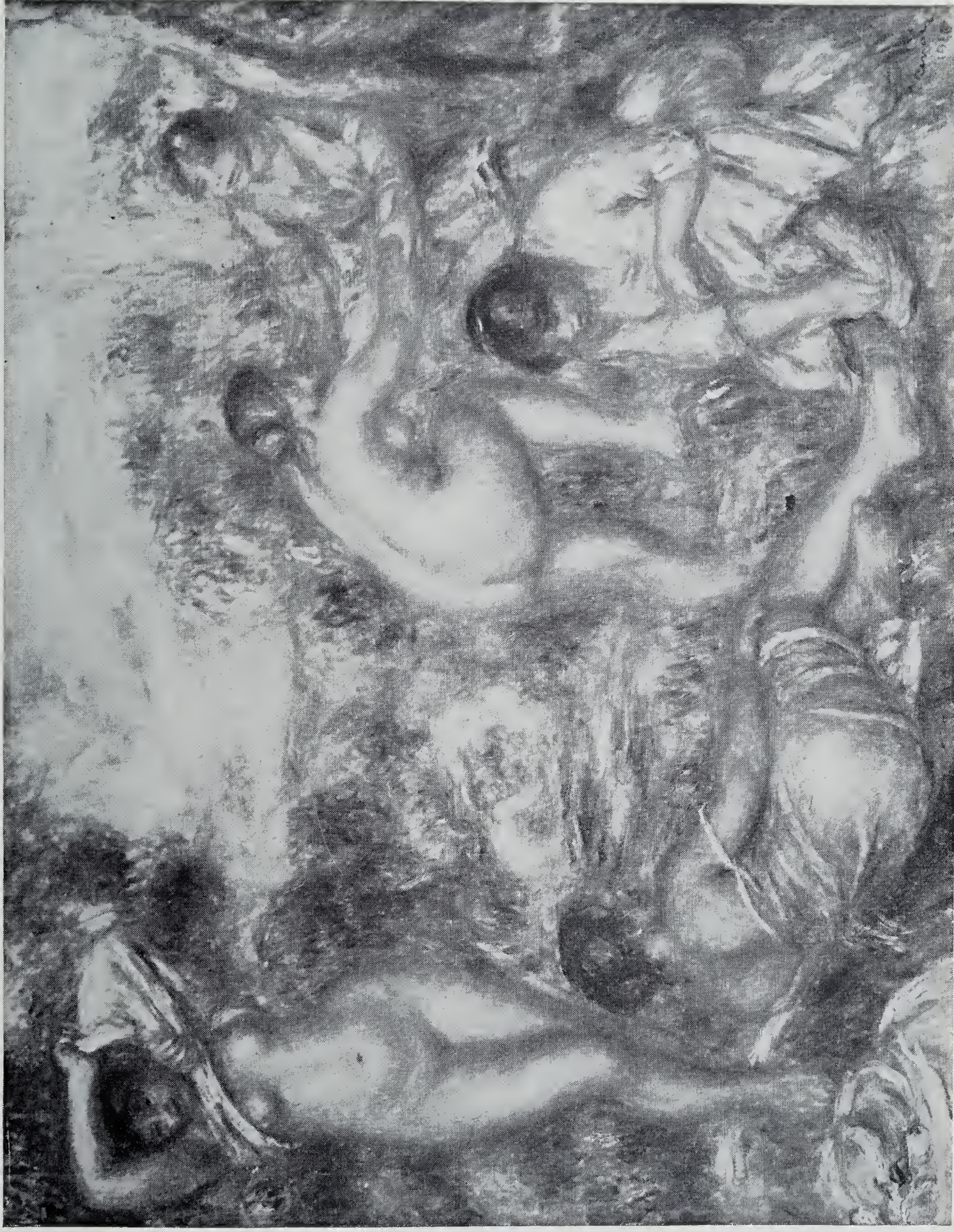


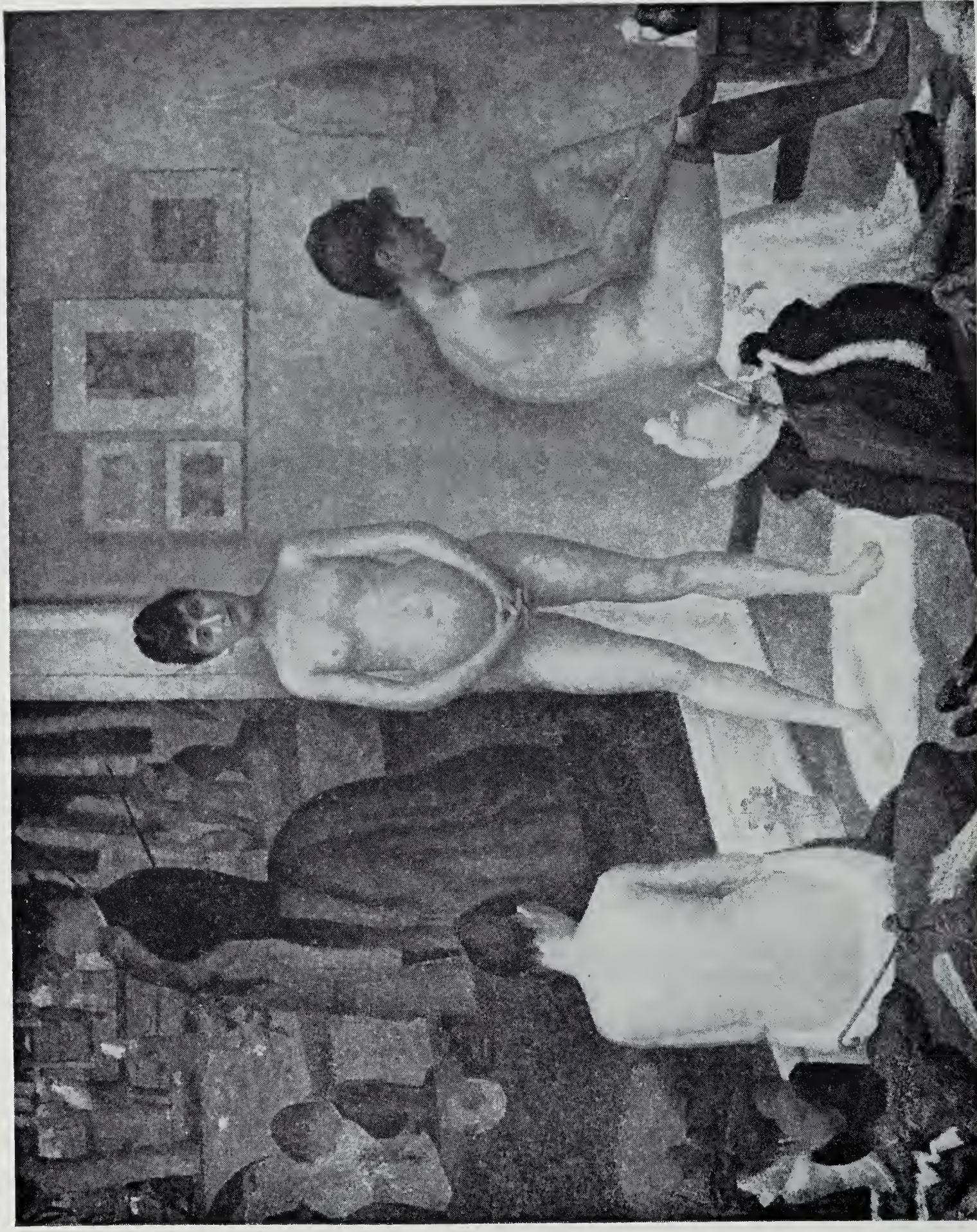




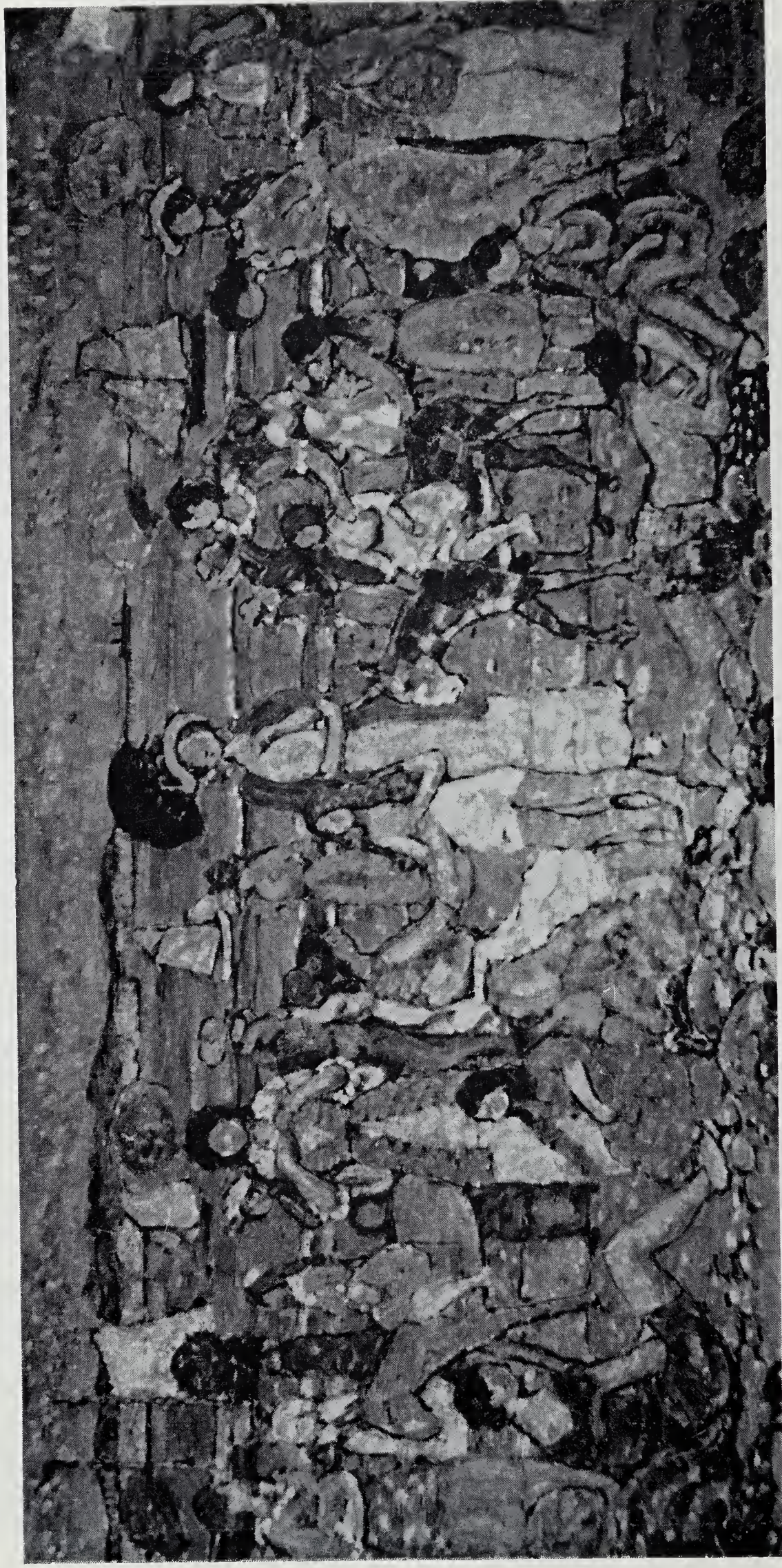












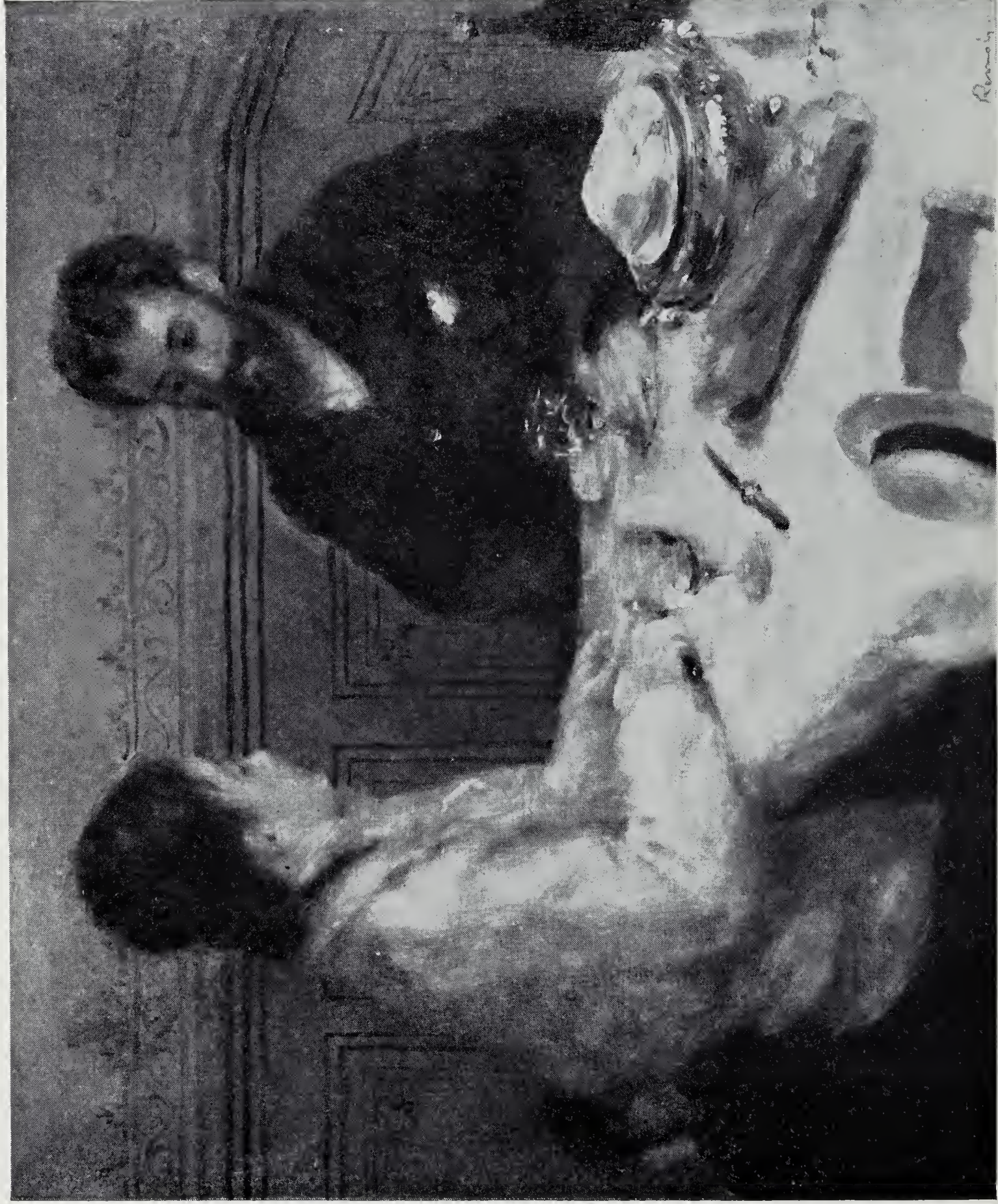
Figures at the Beach

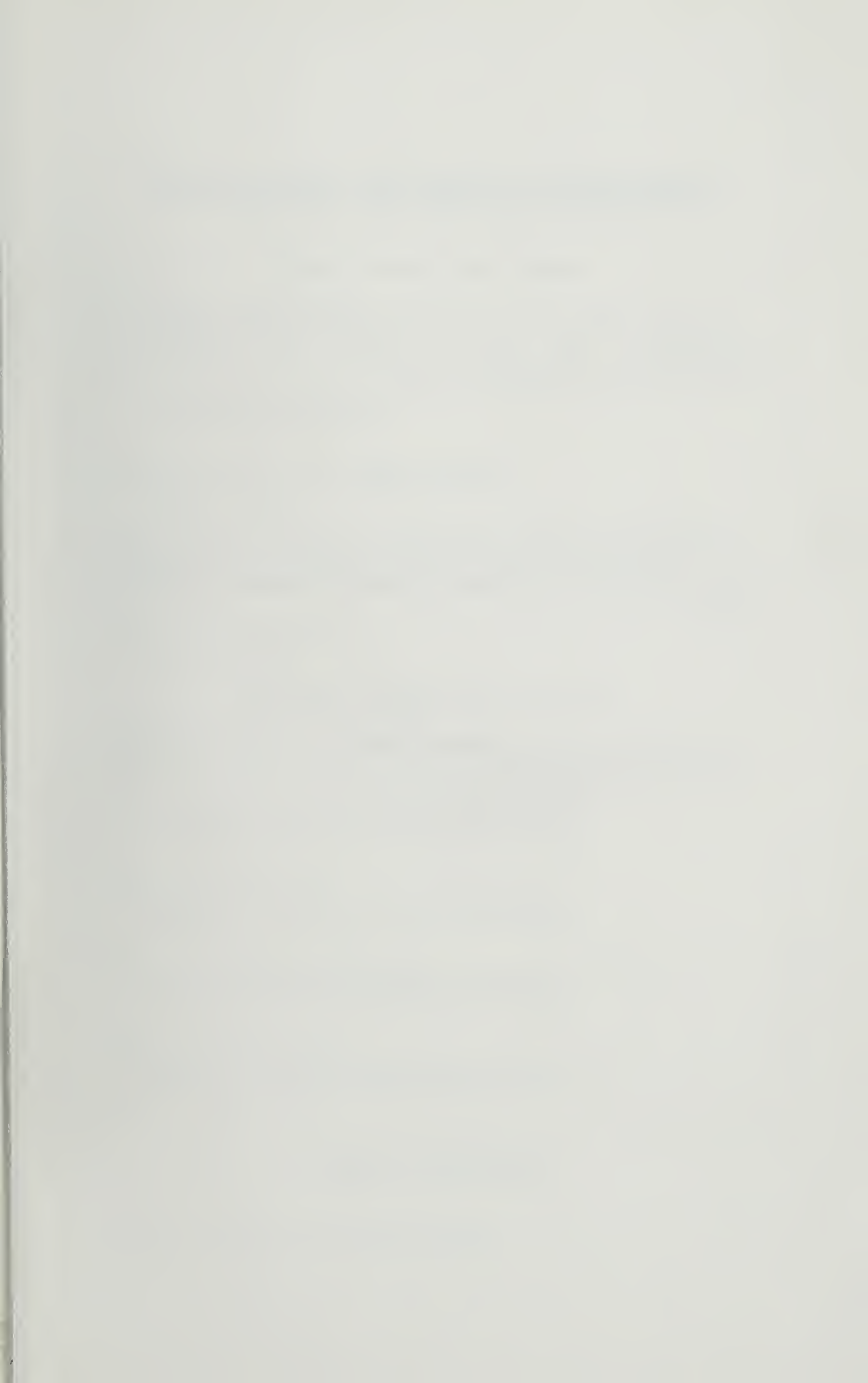
Maurice Prendergast



William Glackens

Figures [Drawing]
Private Collection





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